

MARCH 1962

Commentary

**TARIFFS, THE KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION
& AMERICAN POLITICS**

Ben B. Seligman

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THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW**

Theodore Solotaroff

A FUND-RAISER COMES TO NORTHRUP

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THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS, 1962

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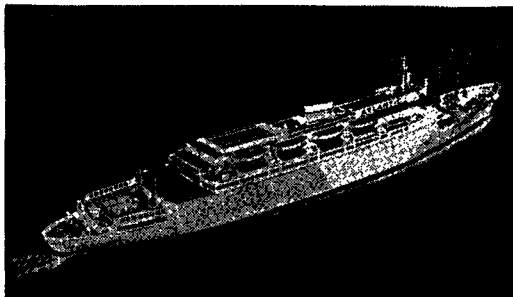
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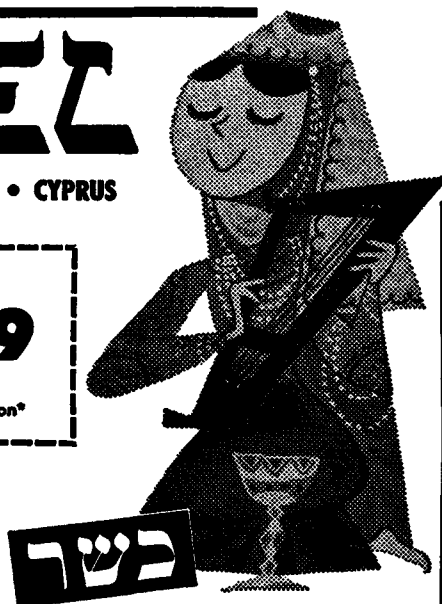
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TARIFFS, THE KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION, AND AMERICAN POLITICS

BEN B. SELIGMAN

We are suffering from the intolerable competition of a foreign rival . . . in a condition so far superior to our own for the production of light, that he absolutely inundates our national market with it. . . . This rival . . . is no other than the sun.
—Petition of the Manufacturers of Candlesticks, Waxlights, Lamps. By FRÉDÉRIC BASTIAT, 19th-century French political economist.

WHEN PRESIDENT KENNEDY delivered his State of the Union message, the few paragraphs devoted to Reciprocal Trade were vague, generally puzzling, and in part contradictory. In fact, no one quite knew where the New Frontier, after a year in office, stood on trade and tariffs, except that a liberal posture was being assumed. The Task Force paper on tariffs, prepared when Kennedy came to office, had been kept a state secret; why, was not certain to anyone. When its contents leaked to the *New York Times* in early January, just a week before the speech to Congress, political expediency seemed once again to have guided the administration's thinking. Evidently Congress would not have accepted

the program during the administration's first year, and it therefore appeared the better part of political sagacity to keep the whole matter under wraps.

The full program was not unveiled until the end of January, when Kennedy finally sent his tariff message to Congress. Though it did indeed include a host of liberal proposals, for the main part it was devoted to rationalizing the need for wiping out trade restrictions. All this is well and good—but it presumably had occurred to no one that a great public debate over the whole past year, and not merely prior to the legislative discussions, might have strengthened the President's hand. It is more than likely, as matters now stand, that Kennedy will suffer defeat on the tariff issue. Here again, to use Hans Morgenthau's apt distinction, the methods of the politician were inadequate to a task that required statesmanship.*

As anyone who has ever had a decent course in American history knows, more tears have been shed and more teeth broken over the tariff question than any other economic issue in our time. Once again the battle erupts, as the administration makes tentative motions toward refurbishing the paste-pot policy which it inherited from past generations. The difficulty in shaping a sensible, cohesive program is undeniable: it demands an eco-

BEN B. SELIGMAN, whose new book, *Main Currents in Modern Economics*, is scheduled for publication in June by the Free Press, directs the Department of Education and Research of the Retail Clerks International Association in Washington, D.C. A contributor to *COMMENTARY* since the earliest days of the magazine, Mr. Seligman has also published articles and reviews in various other periodicals.

* See Mr. Morgenthau's "The Trouble with Kennedy," *COMMENTARY*, January 1962.

conomic statesmanship and wisdom that must absorb and allay deep tensions and group conflicts, which, moreover, have the disconcerting habit of shifting with the tides of industrial fortune. The political problem is doubly compounded when the New Frontier comes forth with a readiness to compromise in the face of a curiously increasing protectionist sentiment. Further, the very line-up of forces seems to be veering away from normal anchorages. The South, once the hotbed of free trade, now demands higher tariffs. Even the trade unions, long-time defenders of liberalization, have begun to have second thoughts. At the same time, the architects of American policy must assure our overseas allies that we bear them no ill will and that we do really mean to extend the hand of friendliness in trade.

THE PROBLEM WAS much simpler a century and three-quarters ago. The imposition of tariffs by the first Congress was merely for the purpose of raising revenues. In the early years of the Republic, all but about \$20,000 of the \$4.5 million of Treasury income stemmed from tariff levies. Up to the Civil War, in fact, over 90 per cent of the federal government's receipts came from tariffs. The latter today account for just about one per cent: other considerations explain their persistence, notably the desire to exclude commodities coming from foreign shores which ostensibly compete with domestic production.

There were indeed early advocates of a protective tariff, the foremost of whom was Alexander Hamilton. Supporters of a firm tariff policy contended that America's young industry could not grow in the face of hot competitive winds from overseas, that protection was essential if we were ever to have a viable economic base. Furthermore, it was argued, wages were higher here than in Europe, and so it was necessary to have a tariff wall in order to protect living standards as well as nascent industries.

These arguments had little effect in an agricultural society whose producers were anxious to exchange farm output for manufactured goods from Europe. It was not until the industries which were developed during the War of 1812 had suffered a severe post-bellum shock that tariff duties began to be pushed upward. Whatever economic troubles afflicted the nation, protectionists were certain to offer the tariff as a sure-fire cure. The question was largely resolved after the Civil War in their favor, for with the agrarian South no longer a political power, the industrial North could move ahead with relative ease to guarantee that trade in the vast new hinterland would become the private province of a now burgeoning American factory system.

The payoff came with the incredible Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930. President Hoover's cure for the depression was price maintenance. His over-all scheme included high protection for American industries against foreign competition. All this plus persuasion would restore confidence. The task of jacking up the tariff walls was entrusted to Congressman Willis Hawley of Oregon and Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, both fervent protectionists who promptly proclaimed that a self-sufficient and self-contained nation was their objective. No ill winds from a troubled and depressed Europe would disturb American normality. Hoover used six gold pens to sign the highest tariff bill in our history and remarked while doing so that agitation for lower import levies would merely impede recovery.

The foolhardiness of American policy was underscored as the depression deepened and nation after nation retaliated with autarchy. Import quotas, tariff walls, subsidies, and exchange control, as well as other beggar-my-neighbor policies, became devices for the export of unemployment. World trade went into a tailspin: American imports alone dropped from \$4 billion annually to \$1.4 billion as exports hit a bottom of \$1.6 billion from an earlier high of \$4.6 billion. Wherever

trade balances were improved, it was generally at the expense of other nations.

The coming of the New Deal brought a fresh look at world trade. Cordell Hull especially was a firm believer in liberalization and tariff reduction, for to him this was a path to recovery and world peace. The country's recent experience conceivably would have opened the eyes of Congress and the business community. Yet when Roosevelt proposed the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act in 1934, the reaction was explosive. Congressmen did not relish surrendering their log-rolling rights, and the tariff lobby saw to it that the labels "unconstitutional," "dictatorship," and "blank check" resounded from Senate rafters. But the President and his Secretary of State had their way: by June of 1934, the new policy was written into law. The President was empowered to enter into agreements with other countries to revise rates, either way, up to 50 per cent. Industries claiming injury could secure a hearing from the Tariff Commission.

Hull was delighted beyond description: reciprocal trade adjustment meant a fresh start toward unhampered multilateral trade, and a new kind of internationalism became the official trade philosophy of the New Deal. Within a year reciprocal trade agreements with 14 nations had been signed; a decade later there were 29 such agreements on the Federal Register.

That reciprocal trade alone could by no means solve the problems of the depression was clear to all but free-trade visionaries. The world's shortage of American currency, known as the dollar gap, persisted after the war. Nations began to resort to currency and exchange controls as the experience of the 30's threatened to repeat itself. It required a forced-draft economic growth in Western Europe to bring trade to a high pitch, sufficient to allow the relaxation of controls.

The Reciprocal Trade Act itself has never been a long-range affair. Congress simply would not relinquish all of its prerogatives. The Act was renewed eleven

times after 1934, and only after painful legislative squabbles. Still, tariffs *were* reduced: prior to the first enactment in 1934, duties averaged 50 per cent ad valorem; from 1936 to 1940 they averaged 39 per cent; from 1941 to 1945 they were 32 per cent; from 1946 to 1960, 16 per cent; and since 1950, import duties have ranged between 11 and 13 per cent. Reciprocal trade legislation, it can be said, did accomplish its initial purpose.

IF TARIFF ADJUSTMENT has gone this far, why the fuss now? After all, it is argued, foreign trade is but a small part of the Gross National Product: in 1960, imports represented about 3 per cent of GNP, exports only 4 per cent. Half our imports are raw materials and semi-processed goods which we do not produce. And it has been estimated that total abolition of our tariff structure might increase imports by some \$4 billion. That is to say, foreign competition at maximum would account for well under one per cent of the Gross National Product. However, arguing this way overlooks the fact that American foreign trade represents one-sixth of world commerce. Anything that threatens to reduce this share cannot be taken lightly.

It might be a matter of slight concern for those whose economic vision is circumscribed by purely domestic interests, but foreign trade, small as it is in relation to the billions of GNP we produce, does make a contribution to our well-being quite out of proportion to its numerical weight. There are any number of essential raw materials purchased from other nations, such as chrome ore, without which the American economy would stumble. Moreover, a world of multilateral trade becomes a specialized world, with each country contributing to the welfare of others. Each offers for sale what it most efficiently can produce, and ultimately perhaps an approach might be made to the economists' dream of an optimum allocation of resources.

While this sets forth rather crudely a complex and frequently sophisticated argument, there are also cogent political reasons to justify the sort of program asked for by the administration. With the Common Market established on solid ground, as now seems likely, continued trade restrictions by us would eventually polarize the West. Distinct trading areas could arise, self-contained and severely limited in their dealings with each other. Freer movement of goods, on the other hand, would permit a larger measure of integration and a closer knitting of the political fabric. That this implies a willingness to surrender fragments of sovereignty, in the beginning at least, is self-evident. The gains stemming from such an effort would be well worth the frustration and agony that often accompanies protracted tariff negotiations. The decisive political gain from the administration's standpoint, however, is the fillip its program would lend to the Atlantic alliance.

FURTHER, economic adjustments to price differentials at points across the globe are generally facilitated by freer trade. It was a process of this sort that enhanced our now historic growth pattern: what was true for us conceivably might work also for a world economy, given the desire to construct the necessary international institutions. Unhampered trade, in fact, can act as a substitute for the actual movement of labor and capital across national borders. The underdeveloped nations especially are bound to benefit, for they would then obtain with much less difficulty the foreign exchange so vital for their own upbuilding. One need only think of a Ghana or an Israel to see how urgent a matter this is. And by extending to such countries better terms of trade—i.e., an opportunity to obtain more dollars or pounds per unit of native currency—one secures in effect a more equitable distribution of income between nations.

But, we are told, competitive imports

only serve to displace American workers. Now no one really knows how many jobs might be lost as a result of increased imports. The Labor Department has only recently studied the problem, and the conceptual and statistical difficulties with which it has wrestled are enormous. A rough guess suggests that 3.1 million persons depend on the export trade, while 1.4 million jobs stem from imports. The best estimates on displacement, by the staff of the Senate Commerce Committee, indicate that not more than 200,000 jobs would be lost as a result of a genuine free-trade policy. Thus, it is evident that fifteen times as many jobs depend on foreign trade as those that might be lost.

Most authorities are agreed that something new in trade policy is desirable. After all, the bulk of past tariff reductions was enacted prior to the last decade. Decreases since 1950 have averaged 5 percentage points as compared to 34 points before then. It is clear that not much more progress can be made with the restrictions imposed by "peril points," "escape clauses," and item-by-item bargaining.* These limits, first imposed by Congress in 1948, kept reductions to 4 per cent in 1955–58 despite legislative permission for a 15 per cent cut. Of the 20 per cent cut-back authorized in 1958, only about half will have been used by June of this year. As an AFL-CIO report remarked, tariff adjustments have been held to a snail's pace. The administration has indeed asked for broader bargaining powers, but the President's patent effort to placate Congressional opposition with the assurance that "we are not neglecting the safeguards provided by peril points, an escape clause, or the National Security Amendment" has evidently created doubt

* The "peril point," determined prior to negotiations with other nations, prohibits the reduction of a tariff rate below the level at which the Tariff Commission believes an industry will be hurt; the "escape clause" offers relief from import competition if an industry or firm can demonstrate that it has been hurt by a previously negotiated tariff concession.

among overseas friends as to the genuine liberality of his intentions. To quote the *New York Times*: "The European embassies were wondering out loud whether the President was not trying to have his cake and eat it too and how he hoped to avoid an adverse reaction in Britain and the Common Market countries."

THE PRESIDENT and his advisers know that obeisance to broad principles will not be enough. Only the kind of pressure that the Executive Office can bring to bear, plus the sustained support of liberal opinion, will secure a meaningful trade bill. Yet to judge by his habitual mode of action and the nature of his Congressional opposition, Kennedy will undoubtedly acquiesce cheerfully to a compromise. Acceptable amendments are already being prepared in the White House as a kind of fall-back position. This suggests that the administration's full-blown trade program may be curtailed considerably by the time it gets through Congress. The complete plan—including the five-year period in which to eliminate tariffs on goods 80 per cent of which are produced by the United States and the Common Market; the 50 per cent reduction on other items; bargaining by broad categories of goods rather than item-by-item; and federal aid to injured industries—will continue to be restricted by escape clauses and peril points. It is on the latter that protectionist forces have focused their attention, for they have generally found it easier to deal with the Tariff Commission than with the White House. Representative John Byrnes of Wisconsin, the chief Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee, has his own strategy, namely to accept the administration's "broad objectives" but at the same time to "create a mechanism to avoid serious injury that may occur. . . ." Or the tariff on a particular industry will simply be retained, as in the case of textiles. This, in fact, seems quite likely. It is certain that the protectionist camp will seek the kind of limiting

device that will substantially undermine the whole endeavor. And the administration is apt to be trapped by its own version of the escape clause—tariff relief for an entire industry after a negotiated reduction will have revealed injury, and federal loans and retraining have proved insufficient.

The administration's main emphasis appears to be on the enhancement of domestic mobility. In the words of the Task Force paper, "... assistance to labor and industry in adjusting to tariff reductions . . ." seems essential to the entire program. Avowedly, trade liberalization might impose temporary and local injury, but this could be overcome by a program of federal loans to finance relocation, tax rebates, retraining of workers, early retirement, more unemployment compensation—in fact, a whole battery of measures intended to help management and labor move out of affected industries into those which are more profitable. Moreover, say administration experts, it is always possible to reimpose tariffs, especially in industries where displacement by competitive imports takes place faster than movement into alternative employment. But this patently does not take into account the fact that the differences in such rates of change would most likely require a continuation of tariffs.

The administration obviously wants to be in a position to bargain more effectively with the Common Market. Once Great Britain joins the Inner Six, it is conceivable that economic power may shift back across the Atlantic. An enlarged European economic union would encompass a population of 220 million and a regional output of \$245 billion. It would attract a third of the world's exports. And America's share of the latter would approximate, at present levels, \$3.4 billion, or a fourth of its shipments of goods overseas. Of course, the initial stimulus for European economic integration came from the United States, but now that a more unified Western Europe appears likely,

second thoughts have been expressed at times in Washington, thoughts which protectionists are quite eager to exploit.

Liberals, naturally, do not view the situation with alarm; they urge even closer ties with our North Atlantic neighbors. This is essential, they say, if American goods are not to be excluded by a Common Market external tariff. Since trade with this part of Europe represents about 25 per cent of our exports, such a contingency would have a catastrophic effect on our balance of payments, already awry for some time. The President then does need a free hand in making across-the-board tariff cuts: old-fashioned item-by-item bargaining will fail to bring about the kind of trade freedom necessary to sustain a high-pressure world economy. And with American interest in Europe displayed by membership in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, any gesture in the direction of Smoot-Hawley would negate whatever role we might seek in that agency. Furthermore, participation in the latter's monetary pool might help relieve the balance of payments stringency, since additional international liquidity could be made available.

AWARE OF THE difficulties it may face on the Hill, the administration is working frantically to achieve the best possible arrangements under present legislation. For over eighteen months, Howard Petersen, special assistant to the President, and Under Secretary of Agriculture Charles Murphy had sought to obtain mutual tariff reductions with the Common Market in order to guarantee that American agricultural exports, especially, would have easier access to European markets. In turn, the United States was expected to reduce tariffs on certain industrial imports from Western Europe by as much as 20 per cent, the maximum allowable under the 1958 Trade Agreements Act. How many items will be included is not yet known, but it is antici-

pated, for example, that the duty on automobiles might be reduced from 8.5 per cent ad valorem to 6.5 per cent. Nevertheless, the American negotiators were hampered quite seriously by the peril point requirement, so much so that they were unable to reciprocate on many of the tariff deductions offered by Common Market representatives, who in turn warned that in future they would not settle for anything less than complete reciprocity. Yet whatever the results attained before June, when the present law expires, they will not be enough for a truly liberal trade structure. Continued Congressional resistance will induce the Common Market simply to proceed with its own plans. What this would do for the *esprit de corps* of the protectionist camp is self-evident.

Thus the Kennedy administration must make more than a pretense at a liberal posture: it ought indeed *be* liberal on trade issues. It can hardly afford anything less. And to be able to bargain effectively with other nations it will sorely need the five-year period for which it has asked. Across-the-board, or linear, bargaining would do a better job of loosening trade restrictions than the present tedious item-by-item approach. Elimination of the peril point and escape clauses would make the "most favored nation" policy, which Kennedy is so anxious to pursue, truly meaningful. Under such agreements, a concession to one becomes a concession to all. Thus, American cooperation with the Common Market would by no means imply exclusion of Japan or Latin American nations, and in fact would contribute toward a solution of our own balance of payments problem, for the latter countries purchase a good deal more from us than we do from them.

The entire problem is exacerbated by the balance of payments deficit, which indeed has been with us for quite a long time. In fact, in all but one of the last twelve years the U. S. balance of payments had to be redressed by an "outflow" of

gold. The only surplus year was 1957, when the Suez explosion and a European drought skyrocketed exports of oil and wheat. For the next three years, the balance of payments deficit was around \$10.5 billion or \$3.5 billion each year. In 1961, the deficit was about \$1.75 billion. However, each time the *merchandise* balance, the excess of exports over imports, was more than satisfactory. The over-all balance was upset only because of capital outflow and overseas aid commitments. Thus, in 1960, a merchandise gain of \$3.8 billion was wiped out by \$3.5 billion in capital exports and \$2.7 billion in overseas grants. It is anticipated that the 1962 deficit will come close to \$2 billion, but only because our import increment may be larger than the gain in exports.

So far as the merchandise balance itself goes, the American position is a good one. From 1958 to 1960, exports advanced more, when compared to the base year of 1950, than either imports or GNP. The often expressed concern that we are being priced out of world markets just is not true. Thus, while wage differences may have been a factor in increased imports of textiles, for example, generally the U. S. has been able to hold its own in world trade. Some of the figures, notoriously bad anyway, suggest a fall in our merchandise balance from 1956 to 1959. But this could be explained mainly by automobile and automobile parts imports, which in 1959 were \$450 million greater than exports. Since 1959, however, the merchandise balance has spurted forward in our favor to the tune of almost \$5 billion, and it is anticipated that this will continue. In the case of Germany and Japan, slightly unfavorable balances with them in 1959 became favorable ones in 1960.

In addition to monetary controls, which we shall not discuss in detail here, the Kennedy experts see the expansion of exports as one of the primary ways of getting the flow of payments to balance in our direction. Following hard on some Eisenhower gimmicks, the administration

is ready to fly "E" emblems from the rooftops of successful exporting concerns; the Export-Import Bank is prepared to insure overseas transactions; tax incentives are to be offered for plant modernization by exporters; and our allies are being encouraged to buy their military hardware from American arsenals and cannon manufacturers.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS are quite right in their argument that a looser flow of trade would ease the balance of payments deficit, for exports unquestionably would receive further impetus, while there would be less incentive for American firms to export capital by establishing foreign branches. Not all the experts, however, are impressed by such an argument: firms go overseas, it is said, not so much to jump over tariff walls as to assure lower production costs and to be close to overseas customers. But this does not deny the contention that increased employment in the export industries could easily offset losses in the import trades: besides, virtually all the economic injury would take place among inefficient firms, which in any case ought to shift over to other lines of endeavor. American firms have acquired too much fatty tissue of late; the stress and strain of competition would do them a lot of good, not unlike the overstuffed athlete who needs to visit Vic Tanny's. One urgent problem in this complex situation would stem from the tendency for imports to rise faster than exports, and, in the battle to reduce costs, adaptation to newer technologies would be hastened. The burden of the adjustment, in the absence of measures to reduce the pain, would be borne by the work force, and especially young workers who would find it even more difficult to locate jobs.

The President's advisers, nevertheless, are quite confident that tariff reduction would have little if any serious impact on the domestic economy. They estimate that zero tariffs on half of American imports, plus a 50 per cent cut in the re-

mainder, would stimulate the importation of goods by about \$30 million a year for the next seven years. This represents a minuscule fraction of the \$540 billion of GNP we enjoy and is a little over one per cent of the present level of imports. Moreover, general tariff reduction would sharply stimulate European imports, for nations just entering the stage of affluence usually have a high demand for American goods. The fillip given to output, investment, and productivity seems undeniable.

One of the central arguments advanced by protectionists is that foreign nations enjoying lower standards can produce with cheaper labor. True, American wage rates are higher than anywhere else, but this is not the significant measure with which to compare costs between nations. Much more important are *unit* wage costs, an index which takes into account productive capabilities and the capacity to produce more or less for a given unit of labor. Of course, factors such as exchange rates, delivery dates, local taxes, credit terms, and the like are also important, but unit wage costs clearly predominate. It is the latter which influence international trade, not wage rates. America's higher wages, more complex technology, and greater capital investment make it possible to export goods in which unit wage costs are low: in these items we possess a comparative advantage. Otherwise, it is unlikely that they would flow into world trade channels. The coal industry is a case in point. Although coal wages here are three to seven times higher than those in other nations, American mines out-compete foreign ones quite handily. Advanced technology has been the solution. It takes a very low wage level indeed to overcome these advantages. The textile and clothing industries insist that low wage goods coming from Hong Kong and Taiwan are the bane of their existence. Yet what underlies American difficulties in these industries is the presence of a high labor component, and a not very high degree of economic efficiency.

The fact is that wages in Europe have been increasing more rapidly than in the U.S. From 1950 to 1958 Common Market wages rose 8 per cent as compared to 5 per cent here. According to an estimate made by AFL-CIO economists, unit labor costs in the United States rose 5 per cent between 1933 and 1959, as compared to 10 per cent for West Germany, 27 per cent for Holland, and 25 per cent for Britain. Only in Italy, Japan, and France did unit wage costs decline during this period. The same report indicated that while steel wages in the United States were five times as high as in France and three times as high as in Belgium, the total labor cost in American plants was 28 per cent of sales as compared to 31 per cent for French firms and 36 per cent for the Belgian steel industry. Labor cost per unit of sales *was* lower in the United States than in comparable Common Market industries. In a French steel plant, the same number of workers on a six-day week produced half the output of an American plant whose workers were on a five-day week. Even in the case of Japan, where productivity tended to outstrip wage increases between 1955 and 1959, there are indications that wages are catching up. It seems likely that the lower labor cost advantage to which Japan's competitive strength has been attributed will in future evaporate.

WILL KENNEDY obtain what he says he wants? He now seems to be fighting hard for his program. Briefing sessions are being organized for business groups and labor unions, White House coffee hours are staged for dissident Senators and recalcitrant Congressmen, and friendly lobbyists are urged to help the legislators toe the Presidential mark. But the line-up, as it is called in Washington, promises to become a crazy-quilt piece of patchwork. Party lines will intertwine in wonderfully complex ways, following only the principle of "whose ox is being gored." With a new Common Market agree-

ment on agricultural goods, even a Mid-western Republican may support the President.

Yet there is some question whether Kennedy will succeed. First, there is no little opposition in Congress to further trade liberalization; second, there is doubt that the administration will really fight for its program. Kennedy's own ambivalence was revealed in his NAM speech in which he assured the nation's assembled entrepreneurs that traditional safeguards would not be destroyed and that the major objective was to increase exports. There are some who think that the administration ought not risk a political fight in an election year and should wait for the next Congress, which might prove more amenable. On the other hand, a year's delay could very well harden Congressional attitudes. If the Trade Agreements Act were to expire in June, existing tariff schedules would remain, no further negotiations with other nations would be possible, and the escape clause could then be employed to cancel earlier concessions.

The current year provides a pronounced political advantage for the tariff lobby. It is not at all impossible—in fact it is quite likely—that the still potent coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans may try to embarrass the President on this issue particularly. Of course, they would be performing a nose-cutting operation for the rest of us, since a liberal tariff bill seems an essential part of our effort to convince the rest of the world that sometimes our deeds do match our creeds. The recession last year did not help matters much either, for in its midst a curious amalgam of know-nothing legislators and frustrated unions began to beat the drums for more protection. Representative C. N. Bailey of West Virginia called for a halt to tariff cuts; the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers decided to boycott Japanese electronic equipment; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers refused to cut cloth from Japan; the International Ladies' Garment Work-

ers growled about imported blouses; while the Textile Workers Union screamed louder than anyone over job losses stemming from foreign competition.

THERE SEEMS little doubt that the rather drastic changes in Reciprocal Trade proposed by the administration will arouse a bitter floor fight. Protectionist sentiment in Congress has mounted. Last February, Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island offered a list of suggested quotas, and one month later he and ten other senior legislators met with industry representatives in advance of a series of Senate orations demanding higher import quotas and other restrictions. On the House side, a fifteen-man committee headed by Carl Vinson of Georgia was formed to urge the President that import quotas be increased. Then in April, 48 Democrats and 20 Republicans spoke up in the House in support of the Vinson-Pastore position. Even so liberal a Congressman as John Dent of Pennsylvania seems ready to abandon the administration on this issue: it is evident that he cannot evade the pressures of the coal industry. The Republican view was most recently displayed by Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut and Representative Powers Curtis of Missouri, who in a joint report issued in January told the Congress that they saw no need to broaden Presidential tariff powers. They preferred rather a "new alliance of free nations."

The fight that now seems to be in the making has depressed the Japanese particularly. Osaka textile producers recently told Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer that the proposed entry fee of 8.5 cents a pound, equal to the raw material cost differential, would hit them quite hard, with serious repercussions on the city's economy. The Ambassador was politely advised that there was no use talking about friendship without acting like a friend. It is true that the Japanese are strong competitors in textiles. When imports from Japan hit a high of 143 bil-

lion square yards of cotton cloth in 1956, the American government had to persuade Japanese exporters to accept a "voluntary" quota. Interestingly enough, the quota was so high that it has never been exceeded. Other production centers, however, have started to export to our shores in increasing quantities—Hong Kong, India, Spain, Egypt, Portugal, and France. Manufacturing capacity has increased sharply in these countries. It is not too difficult to build a textile industry, and the world demand seems ample enough to justify the investment. Not only do these centers have a labor cost advantage, but more important, they can purchase raw materials at about half of what it costs here, thanks to the federal government's agricultural price support program. So far as the Japanese are concerned, it cannot be said that they have flooded the American market: less than 3 per cent of their textile output comes to our shores. The largest part of Japan's production is shipped to other Asian countries.

Nevertheless, so disturbed is the Japanese businessman about the outcome of the American trade battle that it was thought necessary to issue a rather wistful, though convincing, study to prove that purchases by Japan provide 190,000 jobs to American workers. Second only to Canada as a customer, the Japanese do buy a wide variety of goods from virtually every state of the union, including the District of Columbia, where one scrap metal dealer supplies \$750,000 worth of junk each year. If the textile industry has been hard hit, it cannot be said that foreign competition was the sole cause. Quite simply, it has been a lagging industry, content to work with existing methods and undergoing competition from such domestic rivals as synthetics, plastics, and paper. It has therefore not shared in whatever growth the economy has exhibited. Still the industry was able to recover from the 1960 slump, with substantial improvement reported in mill inventories and back orders. Sales at retail did pick up last year,

especially in home furnishings. About the only sector of the industry which has continued to lag is woolen manufactures.

Another industry involved in the tariff question is oil. Part of its problem, as in the case of textiles, is a domestic phenomenon: compact automobiles use less gasoline. While gasoline demand increased from 6 to 12 per cent per annum in the early postwar years, more recently the figure has dropped to about one per cent. The result has been an increasing number of price wars. Nevertheless, oil producers have jumped into the trade and tariff fray. The argument seems to revolve around imports of residual oil, most of which comes from Venezuela. Not that domestic oil producers care very much: with their refining processes, residual oil is not especially profitable. It has been the coal producer, rather, who has been complaining, and the oil men deem it good politics to help stir the cauldron just a bit.

THUS, THE cross-currents of private and special interests continue to muddy the issues. The National Association of Manufacturers wants a *quid pro quo* for a liberalized tariff and trade bill—to wit, lower taxes. Its president, D. J. Hardenbrook, asserts that American businessmen can expand exports only if the government will "remove the shackles from industry, business, and individuals and release creative and capital forces that would propel the United States into an era of economic and social greatness never witnessed before." Some observers might describe such flights of rhetoric as slightly redolent of polite blackmail: all the NAM wants is a tax reduction of about 25 per cent, compensated by a temporary sales tax as the price of cooperation on trade.

There are a few businessmen who are less Bourbon-minded. The Committee for a National Trade Policy does express a liberal view on tariffs. It has advocated for a long time the elimination of the peril point clause so highly valued by protec-

tionists; it would give the President the power to remove certain levies and reduce others by at least half, and it has supported an adjustment program for both workers and industry. But to some of the chemical companies, glass makers, shrimp canneries, cord and twine manufacturers, and toy and bicycle factories, all this seems very much like an invitation to slow suicide. They demand protection, the higher the better. They are ably represented on the Hill by a variety of lobbies. Outstanding among the latter is the Committee on Import-Export Trade, whose representative blandly advised Congress that the import dollar hurt a good deal more than the export dollar. And Senator Goldwater, whose retailing business back home in Arizona presumably sells both imports and exports, announced with a deep sense of shock that not only would we be dragooned into the Common Market, but that Kennedy was conspiring to import foreign workers to displace Americans.

On the other hand, the powerful Farm Bureau Federation would like to see trade liberalized, since their corporate farm members would then have easy access to overseas markets. They know that America's "historic share" of farm exports to Europe would be drastically curtailed, unless an agreement were reached with the Common Market. Fortunately, this has just been done, at least within the framework of the present Trade Act. The Common Market Ministers' Council at long last has worked out its own internal agricultural policy and is now in a position to agree on some additional tariff-cutting with the U.S. Thus, for the time being, a high external Common Market barrier has been avoided, but the coverage on agricultural products remains quite inadequate from the American standpoint. Moreover, the European negotiators are not willing to extend concessions on such major items as corn and wheat until the details of their own agricultural relations are set. Since this will be time consuming, Kennedy will need authority beyond June.

THE ENIGMA wrapped in a puzzle will be the attitude of the American labor unions. The labor movement has become almost totally schizoid on the subject of trade and tariffs. Of course, the labor movement generally, and its center on 16th Street in Washington, is emotionally and ideologically committed to Reciprocal Trade, a commitment that was strengthened by its association with the New Deal. Yet some international unions have been impelled to demand a measure of tariff protection for their industries in the belief that this will safeguard the jobs of some of their members.

An alternative approach advocated by a number of unions, notably the United Auto Workers, is described as International Fair Labor Standards. That is to say, substandard nations should be encouraged to improve their wage levels so that competition based on low earning power would be eliminated. Some observers have been quick to urge that until wage equalization will have been achieved, a tariff should be imposed. Implicit in all this is the notion that exploitation ought not be employed as a competitive device. Now, this is a rather slippery idea, in the sense that it is difficult to say what exploitation is in one nation as compared to another. Comparison of wage levels is perhaps the trickiest of statistical stunts, if in fact it can be done at all. Wages within a given country are indeed related to each other, but only by the most tenuous of lines can they be related to what is paid in other nations. To equate the hourly wages of a steel worker in Japan to those paid in the U.S. proves nothing, for the obvious reason that productivity, prices, and a variety of other factors must be included in the comparison. No one has yet figured out how this might be done. If low wages stem from low productivity, restricting the output of such a nation would hardly be the answer, for only by trading with others would it be possible for improvement to take place. Some labor economists have suggested that tariff reduc-

tions be tied to wage increases in the exporting nation. This would represent a kind of international redistribution of income, since it would strip the profit-taker here of some of his protected gains and raise income overseas. An interesting idea, it is doubtful that it would be accepted either by the foreign exporter or his domestic competitor.

The AFL-CIO's approach has been to support the administration's adjustment program, i.e. financial aid to those displaced as a result of tariff loosening. In effect, this would shift part of the cost of import competition to the entire economy, and, as in the case of any economic burden which manifests so generalized a character, it can be justified without too much strain on economic logic. Areas and industries most seriously affected by imports would receive priority treatment under the Depressed Areas Bill, but even if a firm were not in a designated depressed zone, it could obtain assistance if injured by a foreign competitor. All this, says the AFL-CIO, might be supplemented by ad-

ditional unemployment benefits, early retirement, retraining, and relocation. None of this is very startling and it would perhaps provide a kind of painless attrition and might even create that textbook fiction, mobility of resources. In any case, it is evident that labor's position is mixed, confused, ambivalent.

What is apt to be the final thrust of all these divergent forces? Not an especially happy one, for given the President's predilection for compromise, the weakness or unwillingness of the liberal forces to stage a genuine fight, the growing strength of the tariff lobbyists, the division in the house of labor, and the lack of public comprehension of the issues at stake and their ultimate implications, it seems that an illiberal trade bill, with peril points and escape clauses, may be the outcome. The President will have to live with this sort of business for the next three years, at least. And he will have a devil of a time trying to explain it away to our allies. Perhaps he ought to have waited until next year.

BERNARD MALAMUD'S FICTION: THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW

I WOULD SAY THAT Bernard Malamud has been a writer almost unique in our time. He has found the objects and idiom and viewpoint that allow him to see the will directly and portray its commitment to moral struggle. While the work of the other contemporary novelists has been seriously affected by the forces of fragmentation and cynicism that demoralize our lives and efforts, the best of Malamud's has stood against these forces by resolutely ignoring them. Most often, and in his most characteristic fiction, he has created a type of half-legendary world in the middle of New York City—the Malamud province of moral comedy and affirmation. In this spectral province, with its familiar streets and strange interiors, live a few lost souls with Jewish names, their figures deeply etched by their creator's fantasy. But their needs are so simple and so complete that fundamental human feelings and values can be insistently expressed and defined. This original folk poetry has been obviously inspired by the Jewish immigrant experience and the ghetto sensibility. Yet its main significance has not been in its Jewishness. Malamud's creation has signified, as Norman Podhoretz so well said when he reviewed *The Magic Barrel*, "an act of spiritual auton-

omy perfect enough to persuade us that the possibility of freedom from the determinings of history and sociology still exists."

The province in which Malamud's characters live is not a simple place. Morris Bober, the moral exemplar in *The Assistant*, goes to his death with the realization that "I gave my life away for nothing. It was the thunderous truth." Nor is there anything very reassuring about the fate of the two characters in "Take Pity" who both are eventually driven to suicide by the difficulties of extending and accepting charity. And in "The Magic Barrel," love finally comes to the careful Rabbi Finkel in the person of a whore. Malamud's figures have, or gain, an expert knowledge of suffering, whether in the flesh from poverty and illness, or in the mind from frustration and remorse. Character is almost invariably formed by hunger, and at twenty-three a pretty girl already fights "a sense of mourning to a practiced draw." Malamud's Jews (and his Gentiles) are connected to each other not by religious and social ties but by a common fate of error and ill luck and sorrow, of having lost much by their mistakes and recovered little by their virtues. The back streets of life become a kind of timeless depressed area, where dying men go begging for money to send idiot sons to California and bakers weep in their bread; when their children manage to escape to the modern world, they carry the ghetto's aches with them.

It is an implacably comic world of ab-

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surd reversals and last straws and of uncertain stairs that lead seemingly nowhere. But this antic world is shaped by a tough and subtle intelligence in the service of an embattled ethic. Its people are not charming or vigorous; they are usually too impoverished to represent any real range of contemporary human possibilities. But their lives are suffused with a directing earnestness that we miss in ours and are formed from assurances that ours are increasingly without—the assurance that principles matter, that the “soft” facts of life are more important than the “hard,” that there are ways men can change themselves and become free, if not rich.

FROM WHERE do these assurances come? Most of the figures who contain them are unassimilated Jews, which is less to the point than one sometimes likes to think. The truth is that Malamud's Jews are creatures of a particular moral vision which is as accessible to Christians as to Jews. To be sure, one can make (as Malamud himself sometimes explicitly does) a correlation between the nature of their lives and of Jewish experience and values, particularly of the East European Pale where history preserved the extremities of deprivation, irony, and idealism in a virtually pure and congruous form. Yet Jewishness is a source of Malamud's sensibility rather than the object: just as his characters are almost entirely detached from any real Jewish community—of the past or of the present—so are the causes and purposes of their suffering. There are times when Malamud's feelings for the immigrant Jewish melancholy and ethos, and for its idiom and wit, produce an objectification such as the story of “The Magic Barrel.” But, in general, the sense of the ghetto experience is abstracted from the communal life in which its social and religious meanings were embedded. Malamud's Jewishness is a type of metaphor—for anyone's life—both for the tragic dimension of anyone's life and for a code of personal morality and salvation that is

more psychological than religious. To the extent that the Jew and his problems become a way of envisaging the human condition, he becomes more symbol than fact, fashioned to the service of an abstraction. Hence, when, at the end of *The Assistant*, Frank Alpine gets circumcised and becomes a Jew, the whole point is not that he will now *daven* or move into a neighborhood that has a synagogue but that he has confirmed his investiture of a set of moral attitudes. In effect, the Malamud Jew is partly Jew and partly construct—a way of viewing the relation of the conscience to deprivation and love, of exploring the resources and process by which, as Ihab Hassan phrases it, “a man can become a *mensch*.”

Which is to say that for all the homely trappings and Yiddishisms of his fiction, Malamud is nevertheless a modern American writer—detached, introspective, preoccupied with the problems of contactlessness and self-integration, for which each man's experience is his own gospel. “*Each in his prison/Turning the key*”: the lines from Eliot suggest the burden of Malamud's vision, the consistency with which his chief figures are confronted less by the world than by themselves. I want to explore some of Malamud's work in this connection, before taking up his most recent novel, *A New Life*,* which though it seems like an obvious departure, is very close in theme to his earlier work. By doing so, it seems to me that some of the problems raised for the reviewers by Malamud's latest book can be clarified.

His first novel, *The Natural*, opens with this bit of imagery:

Roy Hobbs pawed at the glass before thinking to prick a match with his thumbnail and hold the spurting flame in his cupped palm close to the lower berth window, but by then he had figured it was a tunnel they were passing through and was no longer surprised at the bright sight of himself holding a yellow light over his head, peering back in.

* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 367 pp., \$4.95.

The image is central. It foreshadows the fate of Roy Hobbs—whose fabulous and brief baseball career is to be but another stage in an endless train ride through life, marked by obscure awakenings and illuminations which reveal only himself. But more, this single sentence introduces the centering point of Malamud's vision. As in the romances of another moralist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, there are a good many mirror and light images in Malamud's tales, and they signify much the same preoccupation with those moments when the distinction between the objective and the imaginary is suspended and the spirit sees either itself or, in Hawthorne's term, its "emblems." Around this core of revelation the other elements are laid, the action moving toward and away from self-confrontation, the tone either controlled by or within easy reach of the introspective and hallucinatory. However, the psychology is in the service of a moral construct: the Malamud hero who sees himself sees his chief adversary, and what he learns from the experience determines his life.

SPELLED OUT in the terms of his most characteristic fiction, this preoccupation creates the story of the man who emerges from the past of deprivation, isolation, or failure and who struggles for fuller and better connections with life against the drag of the old hungers and habitual errors. Thus Malamud's fiction is often set in the crucial period when the disabilities of the past contend with the future's possibilities, the old defeats with the new aspirations. In *The Natural*—which is usually read as a wacky mock-heroic satire on baseball but bears deep parallels with Malamud's other work—the heroine, Iris, tells Hobbs, "We have two lives . . . the life we learn with and the life we live with after that. Suffering is what brings us to happiness. It teaches us to want the right things." Roy Hobbs suffers for fifteen years for one mistake before he gets his chance to play in the major leagues and become a great star. Frank

Alpine, an orphan and another drifter, has his chance to learn through his relations with the honest, impoverished Bober and Helen. These are Malamud's loose men (usually Gentiles) who, lacking self-control, go on making the same mistakes. There are also the tight men (usually Jews) such as Rabbi Finkel and Fidelman (the art scholar in "The Last Mohican") whose lives are overly regulated and narrow, who are armored heavily against the dangers of sympathy and desire. Each of these two is anxious to change his life—Finkel to marry, Fidelman to redeem his failures as a painter by producing a work on Giotto. They have "principles" but the wrong ones, and they are torn apart, no less than Alpine, by the fantastic figure who in each case enters to teach them about misery and passion. Alpine finds his own way to the pit: with the stricken Bober lying unconscious on the floor, the air filled with the wails and screams of his wife and daughter, the young Italian puts on the Jewish grocer's apron: "I need the experience," he says.

Suffering can kill feeling—as with Hobbs—or educate it—as with Alpine, who emerges from his ordeal capable of relationships, of respecting the human bonds of sorrow, sympathy, and consideration. "Our life is hard enough," Alpine learns from Morris Bober and his situation. "Why should we hurt somebody else? . . . We ain't animals." With tenderness for others comes Alpine's insight and aspiration and, finally, his wisdom and self-control—the freedom to see and do the right thing. Without this freedom conferred by connection and self-integration, life dribbles away; the will struggles but remains attached to habits of lust or defensiveness and each man lives out his mistakes and awaits the end. However, morality, in Malamud's view, is a slow and bloody business and has little noticeable effect on fortune. He has been too intelligent a moralist to freeze his vision of failure into a formula and too saturnine to exaggerate the benefits of regeneration.

Roy Hobbs suffers but doesn't learn; cut down in his youth by a sexy psychopath, he makes the same hungry mistake fifteen years later with the corrupt Memo and destroys himself by throwing the last game of the World Series for her sake. However, there is also the better Iris, who pays for her adolescent error with a stranger in the park, sacrifices her life to raising her daughter and hence to learning about the right things, only to be left at the end almost exactly where she started—seduced by another stranger in the park, made pregnant, and probably abandoned. What makes Malamud so cogent in his treatment of these matters is the complication he can give to character, and to morality, by focusing on the chain of habits which tie a man to his mistakes and frustrations and make his face stare back at him even as he awakens to new possibilities. He convinces us of the gravity of a single act of moral decision (or, as Alpine puts it, "how easy it was for a man to wreck his whole life in a single wrong act"), for he makes us aware of the determinisms of guilt and self-deprecation, of the ease with which circumstances overcome the weakened will, to lead a man away from resolutions back into chains.

Even one who, like Alpine, does make the break is left with little else beside his new wholeness and freedom. Along with Bober's humaneness, Alpine has received the grocer's way of life and the grocery store on a dead street, the Jew's justice and charity but accompanied by the rut of his days. The store is still a "fate." Such a conclusion seems both pat and in excess of the facts, weighting the scales in a way that becomes a defect in Malamud's otherwise clear moral intelligence. Yet it is, indeed, the defect of Malamud's very particular virtue. Whatever Malamud's beliefs may be, the source of power in his works is in the struggle toward affirmation—his faith in the resources of the human spirit contending against a deep-seated sense of complication, so that in the end change may only be measured in inches

of progress, shades of gray. It is Malamud's pessimism that has allowed him to make convincing the main idea that a man is not necessarily bound within his limits.

MOST MODERN LITERATURE has conditioned us to accept the idea that a man's limitations are the main truth about him. The technique of modern fiction, stemming from Flaubert and Joyce, has been designed to discover these limitations. If *The Assistant* came as a revelation, as it did for me, partly the reason was that it restored a sense of the dynamics of character and of the older intention of fiction to show the ways men change. Despite its small compass and thinness of social reference, *The Assistant* could thus take on some of the power and clarity of the great 19th-century novels by the graphic depiction of Alpine's development from a bum to a man of principle.

That Malamud's fiction has been able to support its heavy moral interests is due to other resources as well. He has a particular gift for portraying the obsessive kinds of relationship that lead his characters into themselves or otherwise dramatize the ambiguities of their hearts. The resonance of such brief tales as "The Loan," "The Bill," and "Take Pity" result mainly from Malamud's uncanny sense of what types of people belong in the same story, of the subtle and unexpected ways in which relations bind and influence. His sense of character, like his sense of episode and place, is rooted in a strong feeling for the bizarre—the kind of spiritual inventiveness and wit that creates a Negro *shul* and a debauched Negro angel named Levine. His imagination, in fact, seems most highly charged before the extremes of personal confrontation and crisis, which he succeeds in authenticating by macabre comedy. Out of these situations come his semi-hallucinatory demons such as the *macher* in *The Assistant* or Susskind in "The Last Mohican" or Salzman in "The Magic Barrel," who provide the

electrifying quality of the Malamudian vision and allow the tone to fill out to the dimensions of the theme. Similarly the moments to which one assents in *The Natural* are usually those in which Malamud gives up the horseplay about baseball and produces the tortured and truly wacky images of Hobb's inner life.

In general, the special achievement of Malamud's technique has been the movement back and forth between the grimly plain and the fantastic, the joining of the natural to the supernatural, the endowing of his abstracted version of the commonplace with the entanglements of a dream. His most impressive prose has been a similar mixture of a hard common speech, twisted by Yiddishisms or by his own syntax so that it vibrates, and lit here and there by a sudden lyrical image. The solidity of his best work has come from an obsessive mood and vision which from moment to moment seems to take the place of the realist's eye for physical detail. The slow, grueling development of Frank Alpine unfolds against the mood of the vacuous, mean neighborhood and of the mixed atmosphere of suffering and aspiration, discipline and defeat within the Bobers' milieu. Similarly, in his religious stories Malamud manages—as much by abstraction as by detail—to create a vividly spiritualized reality. A dying man in search of money for his idiot son, the *malach-ha-moves* who pursues and frustrates him, the bitter city streets, and the iron gates of Pennsylvania Station all come to belong, through the sustained unity of the writing, to the same order of things.

BY-PASSING CONTEMPORARY reality, then, and the techniques of realism, Malamud has relied instead mainly upon his memories of ghetto life and his idiosyncratic imagination to create situations of sufficient density—and intensity—for his moral concerns. His excursions beyond the old ghetto life have been noticeably less sure and distinguished, except in some of the later Italian stories such as "The Last

Mohican" and "The Maid's Shoes," which are both really extensions rather than departures. Thus when the word got out that he was doing a novel about a college teacher in the Northwest, there was a great deal of interest in what he would make of the subject.

As the title of the novel suggests, *A New Life* is again mainly a study in the difficulties of undoing the hold of a deprived and wasted past, of breaking "through the hardened cement of self-frustration" to freedom and control. The hero is S. Levin, an ex-drunkard and depressive from Malamud's New York, who has managed to pull himself out of the gutter by means of certain mystical revelations about life and an M.A. from New York University. Part Hobbs and Alpine in his melancholy impulsiveness and grossness of desire, part Finkel and Fidelman in being constantly on guard against his old habits, Levin has come to teach in the new world of Cascadia, whose mountains and forests and seasons are as stunning to him as its social and academic life is flat, frivolous, and intellectually inert. As a liberal and humanist as well as the Malamud *shlimazel* "who creates his own peril," Levin soon sees that he has more to worry about than the secret of his past. The time is 1950 and Levin's predecessor—another exotic from the "East"—has been fired for his radical views and for disturbing the peace of a school which is quite content—without any liberal arts curriculum—to train engineering and forestry students and good football players. The leading question indicated in the early chapters is whether Levin will follow in the steps of the disgraced Leo Duffy. "I can't fail again," Levin grimly warns himself, but the question of what failure will and will not mean in Cascadia is portentous from the start.

However, the events that follow take a course not very different from Malamud's first two novels. There is the period of mixed achievements and satisfactions as the new possibilities of teaching, using his hands, taking hold in a new and promising

environment fail to lay the old ghosts of dissatisfaction and guilt. "The past hides but is present," as Levin keeps finding out. "The new life hangs on an old soul." Behind the formidable beard he has grown and inside the solemn English composition teacher lurks the mournful, clumsy clown, out of step with the opportunities but thirsty with desire. After two near-misses, Levin finally comes to grief in much the same way that Hobbs and Alpine lunged past their resolutions, in order to take an easy sexual advantage. After a week-end by the sea with a willing enough coed, Levin caves in, and in a scene strongly reminiscent of the self-confrontations in *The Natural* and *The Assistant*, S. Levin lies alone in his room and writhes:

His escape to the West had thus far come to nothing, space corrupted by time, the past-contaminated self. Mold memories, bad habit, worse luck. He recalled in dirty detail each disgusting defeat from boyhood, his weaknesses, impoverishment, undiscipline—the limp self entangled in the fabric of a will-less life. A white-eyed hound bayed at him from the window—his classic fear, failure after grimy years to master himself. . . . More than once he experienced crawling self-hatred. It left him frightened because he thought he had outdistanced it by three thousand miles. . . .

AS IS ALSO the case with several other Malamud heroes who pass through these crises, Levin's emotional life then begins to soften and run more clearly; charmed by the tender winter landscape and its connections to his own feelings, he gradually grows more in touch with himself. Still buttoned up in his raincoat but looking for a "triumph over nature," he is drawn into a love affair that begins in the woods with the wife of the man who hired him. A daughter of the modern American hinterlands—much as Memo embodies the neurotic and corrupting success offered by the baseball world of *The Natural* and Helen Bober the hungry but earnest world of *The Assistant*—Pauline Gilley is at first an "object of experience"

for Levin, "not necessarily of commitment." But eventually love and its problems come to overwhelm Levin, and he goes through the Malamudian fire of passion and frustration, sacrifice and insight. In the end he emerges deeply disciplined enough to choose the encumbrances of marriage to Pauline and the destruction of his former conception of a new life of personal satisfactions and freedom, in return for the possibility of love—"the short freedom you had in the world, the little of life to be alive in." Unlike the failure of Hobbs who spurns Iris, the honest woman, to chase after the meretricious Memo, Levin succeeds in saving himself through Pauline; but it is a success, like Alpine's, that is qualified to the bone. Just as we leave the newly circumcised grocer limping about in Bober's "tomb," so we last see Levin going down the highway with a pregnant woman he has already fallen out of love with, and her two children, and bearing the promise he has had to make to get them that he will never again teach in a college.

The point of this summary is that the dramatic and moral core of *A New Life* is less related to the specific social and ethical issues of teaching and living in Cascadia, America, than it is to the themes of Malamud's other work. To be sure, Levin comes a cropper in Cascadia because he not only takes Pauline away from her husband, the departmental whip, but also eventually takes a stand against the department's illiberalism and inanity. However, the novel is only slightly more convincingly in touch with this subject by the end than *The Natural* was with major league baseball. The book's failure to make good on its early promise of contemporary actuality could be attributed to the possibility that Malamud is out of his proper element, as he was in major league baseball in *The Natural*, where he used various literary and sub-literary sources (from Homer to *Dime Sports*) to do much of the work of detail and definition. However, the descriptions both of the

Northwest and, up to a point, of the community, are among the finest features of *A New Life*. Levin is perhaps most comic and moving, certainly most of a piece, in those passages that register with unmistakable authority his reactions to the huge, fertile beauty of the country and the modifications it produces on the spirit of a city man whose life had all but dwindled away in city parks and seasons. Similarly, the early scenes in which Levin is introduced to Cascadia College are very nearly perfect in their evocation of that special mixture of blandness, intimacy, and pomposity common to third-rate colleges and of the eager-beaver compulsiveness of a highly organized English composition program. Some of the narrative interludes are equally brilliant, such as Levin's frantic trip over the mountains to get to his coed. All of which is to say, though, that the writing is most solid when it is least concerned with the major problem that Malamud set for himself—to transpose his themes and treatment of deprivation, suffering, and regeneration to the green and pleasant doldrums of Cascadia College.

BENEATH THE HIGHLY inventive but unsteady language of most of the book, one senses Malamud's struggle to bring the two elements together and at the same time preserve their given qualities. But the attempt to align Levin—the taciturn desperate man who enters the novel—with Cascadia—dull, contented, moderately corrupt—soon creates another Levin and another Cascadia. The ex-drunk with a miserable past to overcome begins to fade into and out of another image—that of the academic innocent from N.Y.U. with stars in his eyes about the liberal arts and the humanistic tradition—eager to know the score, to get involved, to take a position. The college, on the other hand, begins to double as a chamber of intrigue and polite horrors in order to function in the unwieldy and elaborate plot and remain commensurate with the old moral and the new social

preoccupations. So that after a time each new disclosure of English Department policies and politics becomes either another turn of the screw on which Levin is being wracked or another betrayal of the goals of higher education. The technique of self-confrontation soon starts to be worked to death—often not because anything very critical is happening but because S. Levin is constantly being confronted with the question of whether he is “Sy”—the solemn faculty screwball and radical *naif*—or “Sam”—the hard case with his “last chance,” who emerges hamstrung but healed at the end. Meanwhile, Malamud wrestles for an attitude and tone that will hold the two types in the same characterization, but finally relies upon a gifted literary clowning which simply doesn't fill the gap between satire and seriousness that the split in Levin opens in the novel. “The sorrows of Levin: his mouth thickened with thirst.” Similarly, compare the passage quoted earlier on Levin's crisis with these reflections from the other Levin:

... But Levin had long ago warned himself when he arrived at this intensity of feeling—better stop, whoa. Beware of the forms of fantasy. He had been, as a youth, a *luftmensch*, sop of feeling, too easy to hurt because after treading on air he hit the pavement head first. Afterwards, pain-blinded, he groped for pieces of reality. “I've got to keep control of myself. I must always know who I am.” He had times without number warned himself, to harden, toughen, put on armor against love.

And so it goes through most of the key passages in the novel. Without a steady, coherent grasp of Levin and Cascadia, reality and feeling keep running out almost as soon as they are re-created, and in the end Malamud can only again pile burdens on his hero which he has implausibly arranged and send him on his way. In the process the powerful themes of *The Assistant* are reduced to a series of stated platitudes about the responsibilities of love and the holiness of life and the

moving aesthetic of morality, along with some pronouncements about liberalism and the humanities. And there is also a kind of malice toward Levin as there is eventually toward everyone and everything else in Cascadia, except the landscape and the character who loves Sterne, that makes the novel finally inscrutable.

HOWEVER, I AM less interested in making out a case against *A New Life* than of pointing to the problem that Malamud like most writers today is now up against. In a number of ways, the novel illustrates the points Philip Roth recently made in these pages* about the difficulties of the present-day American scene for the novelist, and the tactics he has been put to in order to get around them. Clearly in *A New Life* Malamud has had difficulty in presenting Cascadia College to stand from beginning to end as a contemporary institution rather than a vague collection of academic types and stock grotesqueries. But further, *A New Life* also suggests that to write about Cascadia today one must be prepared to receive its life directly rather than try and plug it in to another set of preoccupations and values. This last is what Malamud has done. "The past hides but is present"—in the end the statement defines Malamud's difficulties in writing of a new life more than it does Levin's rather arbitrary difficulties in trying to live one. Venturing into a new setting and new problems, Malamud spends much of his novel unpacking and examining the luggage he has brought from his other world, as well as using it to arrange and order the moral scene. As a result, the book struggles from beginning to end to discover what it is really about and what its proper tone and treatment should be. Now strikingly comical and touching, now turgid and arbitrary, now opening out resourcefully to grasp new areas of life, now withdrawing into pat attitudes and narrative habits, *A New*

Life finally seems to me to fail because its writer is unable to give himself up to a much more indeterminate and ambiguous experience than he has dealt with before.

Which is only to say that Malamud is in the same soup with the rest of us. The surfaces of life still look stable enough, but underneath, massive and fearful changes are obviously at work that undermine our bearings. What attitude to take, what orientation to adapt to? Between the cautious concern for factuality and the felt need for apocalyptic judgments, the sense of reality runs out and the will struggling for purchase grasps at its own platitudes. Meanwhile the ties that hold a man to a place and confer a steadiness of purpose and perception—even in places like Cascadia—are lost in the telling. The sense of contactlessness makes us exaggerate.

In *A New Life* constructs take over. I don't believe after the first chapter that S. Levin was once a drunk—not only because he doesn't behave like one but because he doesn't need to. His hunger and frustration are cogent enough simply in terms of the ambiguities of his making his way out of the ghetto by means of an education and then finding in the world only a mixed and possibly corrupting vocation as a teacher of English. The real point of the novel—all but buried under the moral theme—is the collision, not infrequent today, of the post-ghetto sensibility and the culture of the hinterlands. The word "Jew" is never mentioned in the novel, but Levin is the only Jewish name in the book and when Gilley tells him to go back to New York, he has something else in mind than its "stinking subways." Conceived more freely, *A New Life* might very well have been a deeply moving or a really comic novel about the situation of a determined Jewish instructor in Cascadia. As is, it is neither. Bernard Malamud in search of a new life never quite gets beyond the old. But a writer like Malamud grows through each venture, and it will be particularly interesting to see where he goes next.

* "Writing American Fiction," March 1961.

PAUL GOODMAN

THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS, 1962

THE RELATION between school and society has always been uneasy. The community of students and teachers is an instrument of society, but it is also a constituent member of society and has its own aims that tend to conflict with the uses of the world for it. There are cross-purposes in doctrine, morals, politics.

From the elementary grades on up, the schools are society's chief instrument for the planned socializing of the young. But this means that they must deal, generation by generation, with persons who are growing, indeterminate, and therefore somewhat unpredictably free. And the teachers who concern themselves with this refractory material are not only themselves rather detached from ordinary business and dedicated to various humanistic or sectarian ideals, but they cannot help being accomplices of the youth. Veblen compared the usual college to a "house of correction or a penal settlement," but even in a maximum security prison (like that studied by Sykes in *The Society of Captives*), the guards, despite a pretty absolute power to control and punish, have to come to terms with the inmates against the world.

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In this essay, let us concentrate on the college years, say seventeen to twenty-one, when we put the finishing touches on the socially advantaged and (perhaps) intellectually superior youth who then commence into choosing professions, making marriages, and voting in elections. Broadly speaking, the *own* aims of the colleges have been: (1) to pass on and further the tradition of the arts and sciences; (2) to develop to the full each youth's capacities and power (which might include unmaking the prejudices he has come with); and also (3) often less explicitly but always obviously, from the seminary of Pythagoras to the Houses proposed for Harvard by Professors Jencks and Riesman, to provide a kind of utopian community, out of the economic and family mainstream, for finding identity, for transferring affection from family figures to chosen grown-ups, for self-government, and for friendship and sexual exploration.

In its role as an instrument of society, the college has a further set of aims: (4) to prepare the young for life by providing them with acceptable attitudes and "marketable skills"—the phrase is James Byrant Conant's; (5) to train them to further the purposes of society, such as running the economy, practicing the professions, winning the war, and so forth; and indeed (6) to affirm with scholarly authority the social ideology, as—to give an uncontroversial example—in 1914 the German universities affirmed the national *Kultur*.

These two sets of aims are not always

compatible. The workaday society tends to cramp capacity; the goals of society are not always the ideal goals of culture and future humanity; and conventional society is often impatient with communal mores. When society is wise, however, it has two further uses for its colleges that depend precisely on the youngness of youth and the detachment of scholars: (7) to prepare in a regular way for its own "continuous reconstruction," as Dewey said, adding that for this "the education of youth has a fairer and freer field of operations"; and (8) to have, in the disinterested scholars and their ideals, a critical standard for business as usual—as Kant put it, "The faculty of philosophy is the loyal opposition from the Left."

WHEN THE CONFLICT between the schools and society is very sharp, it must necessarily result in the school's being shackled—although, of course, if the scholars have the truth, they must ultimately break free and prevail or society will crumble, for what is not true will not finally work. The question is not, as Dr. Conant thinks, whether the school should be harnessed to the "national goals" rather than devoted to "individual development" or "pure research." The school is always harnessed to the social goals. The question is what *are* the national goals, how broadly or narrowly are they conceived, and how rigidly are they enforced? Let us compare two educators, Dr. Conant and Thomas Jefferson, both concerned entirely with the national use of the school system. Neither has anything to say about "individual development" or "higher learning for its own sake." Both democratically want to educate everybody; they plan for the whole system, from grade school through high school to college and professional school; and they provide methods of selection to assure that the academically talented continue and the rest are fitted for non-bookish jobs. Both lay heavy stress on professional training, and both meet

the national needs by emphasis on science and technology.

Here the likeness ends, because the national goals are different. Conant is planning to maintain an over-mature and over-centralized status quo: training scientists for the cold war, manning the existing corporations with technicians and apprentices, and trying to dampen the "social dynamite" of unemployment in the slums. Jefferson, on the other hand, is building a new world, and the purpose of education is the continual renovation and improvement of the democracy itself through enlightening and improving the electorate. Conant centralizes the lower schools as much as possible, in the interests of managerial efficiency, but he tends to leave higher learning to the system of free enterprise (in its current semi-monopolistic meaning). Jefferson, just the contrary, provides for the university, supported by the nation, to be controlled by its international faculty: Swiss, French, German, British, and American, Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant; but he insists that the grade schools must be maintained by local initiative, and indeed he tries to decentralize them even further than was common in Virginia in that period. "Were it necessary," says Jefferson, "to give up either the Primaries or the University, I would abandon the last, because it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the many in ignorance." But the point of higher education is the progress of all humanity: that "each generation, succeeding to the knowledge acquired by all those who preceded it, must advance the knowledge and well-being of mankind."

Having narrow aims, Conant tightly determines the courses and credits; he lays stress on grading and encourages speed-up in getting through. But Jefferson is for an uncontrolled elective system at the college level; he wants no grades nor degrees (except the M.D.); and he urges students to tarry in school another year if it is eco-

nomically possible, lest they become merely skilled know-nothings. Since both educations have practical aims, they emphasize specialization for the students; but Jefferson is strongly opposed to it for the teachers: "A man is not qualified for a professor knowing nothing but his own profession. He should be well educated in the sciences generally [so as to be] able to assist in the councils of the faculty." This is, of course, the opposite of our present license to teach, the Ph.D., which concentrates on a specific field and the narrowest possible research.

This brings me to the subject of the present essay, the fate of the intramural community under different conditions. Jefferson has the community constantly in view. He decides that the faculty must be entirely autonomous. (It is hard to know what his practice would have been about hiring, since he died before the University of Virginia had to make replacements.) He strongly resists as undemocratic the existence of any administration or president, approving rather the European model of an officer annually elevated by the faculty from its own ranks. There is a touching letter in which he, the founder and chairman of the board, apologizes for suggesting the adoption of a text which the teachers might have overlooked. As for the students, they also are entirely self-governing, without discipline or policing: "Pride of character, laudable ambition, and moral disposition are [sufficient] innate correctives of the indiscretions of that lively age." Obviously with such community autonomy and the progressive aims of Jefferson's open-ended democracy, there would be little conflict between the college and *his* kind of society. (Not Virginia, to be sure; right off, the legislature rejected one of his great faculty as an atheist.)

Dr. Conant, on the other hand, never has the intramural community in view at all. Rather, he everywhere implies a powerful organization, interlocked with the outside, with a firm rule of attendance,

credits, guidance, grading, finally professional placement. Throughout, the students are on a ladder. Our present national goals, as reflected by Dr. Conant, are not very humanistic and perhaps could not be achieved without such organization and discipline as he favors. That is, when there is potentially a sharp conflict between the aims which a system of education might pursue for itself and the aims it is asked to pursue for the sake of the nation, such a conflict is to be dealt with mainly by strengthening the administration.

Indeed, thanks to administration, the present climate of our schools is not conflictful at all but, by and large, a clinch. As pillars of society, our colleges serve neither the national goals of Dr. Conant nor the ideal aims of the community of scholars; but they are great, and greatly expanding, images of Education, no different from the other role-playing organizations of the modern world. Fortified in their departments and tenure and the kind of academic freedom that is protected by the American Association of University Professors, the senior scholars are not much disturbed by either their students or the administrators; and society is satisfied by the symbolic proofs that education is going on, syllabi, diplomas, research, and publication. And the students *are* educated in the process: most of them learn, in the great colleges, the secret of our uniquely glamorous establishment, to conform and batten; a few protest, or dissent and quit, like rats deserting a sinking ship (and they also are drowned).

BETWEEN THE COLLEGE and society, facing in both directions, stands the president with his staff. Vis-à-vis society, represented by the legislature, the trustees, the alumni, the parents, so long as there is no offense and the college is successful and prestigious, the president has a remarkable freedom to determine policy, whether educational, architectural, or financial—he is exactly like a tip-top corporation executive. Vis-à-vis the col-

lege, however, his role is more problematic. The administration is strong when it can attach to itself the voting senior faculty and also the official student government and press, and can see to it that neither teachers nor students disturb the public relations with the legislators or donors. In effect, *in a situation of potential conflict between the community of scholars and society, it is the task of the administration to weaken the community by (1) keeping the students out of touch with their professors; (2) making sure that student expression is in good taste; and (3) discouraging the professors from playing a manly role in the world.* Naturally, this makes it difficult for young people to grow up in college. Those who have come there to find themselves by associating with learned adults are bitterly disappointed. They do not easily see how the texts are tradition for themselves, and the professors who profess that tradition do not, by the example of their own lives, make it seem very relevant. The professors in turn, isolated in the academic community, are likely to seek their satisfactions in ways that have nothing to do with teaching; for example, research and publication, more especially since these are the avenues of advancement. It is the genius of smooth administration to subdivide and to harmonize. This has been going on a long time; and the result is that one would not now say that there is even a potential conflict between our colleges and society. Put it this way: there are nineteen hundred American colleges and universities; several hundreds of these have collected in one place many learned, free, and creative adults, and all of them are centers of lively and promising youth; yet one could not name a dozen that strongly *stand for* anything, whether idiosyncratic, peculiarly wise, dangerous, adventurous, or even exceptionally licentious or stupid. This is astounding, that there should be so many communities and so much conformity to the national norm! One would assume there is a strict regulation of the teaching;

but in fact there is almost absolute academic freedom.

COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION is most spectacularly important because of the plant and money it must wangle and manage, and the increasing enrollment and multiplying functions it must coordinate and control. The disastrous effects of this centralized bigness and the incorporation of extraneous elements have been often explained, so let me merely mention some of the usual topics. Government and government-sponsored products now carry nearly 25 per cent of the annual budget (the National Defense Education Act did not meet the same chill Congressional wind that blighted the education bill). There is much "contractual research" underwritten by foundations. An important new tax dodge of corporations is "cooperative education" and other fellowships to defray the tuition of prospective and part-time employees. Such things dictate the course of research and the balance of departments and curriculum. It is common for professors, deserting their students, to follow the grants. Endowments also dictate policy; for instance a hotel endowment involves the school in the granting of a master's degree in hotel management; and other earmarked endowments affect other parts of campus life: a skating rink, a women's dormitory. Given the centralized administration, there is a vast rigamarole of admissions and hiring that must be processed by business machines, and that involves para-collegiate examination boards, scholarship boards, and accreditation associations. Increasingly, also, there is a strict accounting of the financial solvency of particular courses of study: do these lectures pay for themselves? do they perhaps turn a profit? As John Corson has expressed it for the Carnegie Corporation, "Increasingly, businessmen incline to examine the administrative efficiency of universities to which they make donations." As Jacques Barzun has more tersely expressed it, "Columbia is

run like a bank." Meantime, there are overcrowded classes that make office hours impossible, and large lectures that should be seminars; there are underpaid tutors instead of professors, and the student fees continually increase. It was on these issues that 2,000 students of an Eastern university staged an angry demonstration last fall.

It is iterated and reiterated that these factory-like and business-like ways are inevitable under the modern conditions with which administration must cope. The fact remains that the administrators engage in a tooth-and-nail competition to aggrandize their institutions and produce these very conditions. And winning the competition and attaining prestige indeed pay off; for example, "In 1954, 18 institutions (only one per cent) received nearly 45 per cent of the total endowment funds; 805 institutions (43 per cent) had no endowment income at all, although they enrolled one-quarter of the students" (V. C. Blum). Thus the winners turn into semi-monopolies and drive the losers out of existence.

Has this any advantage for education, for teachers and students? Why should not these agglomerations be allowed to fall apart into their natural functional communities? It is still hard to see why a college cannot have its laboratory in a Quonset hut (with the cyclotron returned to the scientific institute where it belongs); why social studies are not best carried on in the local regions; why friendly games require more than a sandlot and a river; why youth would not be happier living in barracks or in old houses in the vicinity. If central services happen to be required, such as more books than a small college can afford, or an exchange of professors, why cannot half a dozen colleges in a region loosely federate, as do Knox, Carleton, Grinnell, etc.? Fifty years ago, having experienced the glories of Chicago and Leland Stanford, Veblen was moved to end his book on education as follows:

As seen from the point of view of the higher learning, the academic executive

and all his works are anathema, and should be discontinued by the simple expedient of wiping him off the slate; and the governing board, insofar as it presumes to exercise any other than vacantly perfunctory duties, has the same value and should with advantage be lost in the same shuffle.

Would he say otherwise in 1962? Perhaps he might, if he knew the temper of our present faculties.

FOR LET US TURN our attention now to the closer workings of the administration and the administrative mentality in the community of teachers and students itself; and first the routine of courses, credits, and grading. Again we can borrow a text from Veblen: "The work of learning is a matter of personal contact and cooperation between student and teacher and is not measurable in statistical units or amenable to mechanical tests."*

Why do they grade at all? Recently, at a big Western university, I sat at lunch with six senior professors, including chairmen of departments. They were unanimous in the opinion that grading is injurious to teaching and learning. It does not work as competition but rather alienates the young peer-group and makes for either cheating or sabotage. At the very first lecture, the student asks, "Are we responsible for that on the final examination?" and the teacher's heart sinks. Grading hurts testing, which is a good teaching method if one corrects the test but does not grade it. A student likes to be tested, to structure his studying and know where he is at; the teacher uses the test as a diagnostic. If he is tested but not graded, a student is eager to learn the right answer and asks how to solve the problem; when he is graded, he is merely crestfallen and is likely to gripe that he has been badly

* Veblen is here talking about graduate work and explicitly contrasts it with college work which "being task work, may be reduced to standard units and enforced by a system of accounting and surveillance." But he is in error. For different reasons, business methods will not work in either case.

treated. Even pass or fail are not necessary grades, for if a student isn't doing the work, he should be fired out of the class. So they talked on. Finally I intervened and said, "Here you are six voting members of the faculty. Why is there still grading?" At this I was treated to a spate of rationalizations: if grading were dropped, the students would be anxious; the parents would complain; there would be no way to determine scholarships and admission to graduate schools. They knew perfectly well that some colleges do not grade and manage by means of recommendations. In fact, I could not fathom the reasons why they were not going to change the system. The status quo was more important than the teaching and learning.

What clear and distinct idea is expressed by grading? Consider the best instance, mathematics, since it has definite answers and right methods. Suppose out of five problems in elementary algebra the student muffs the permutations and the progressions. Does he then understand 60 per cent of algebra? But it is permutations and progressions that he doesn't understand (perhaps he does not grasp the idea of factorials). What is the use of "passing" or "failing" him on his 60 per cent? How will that help in his further study?

The damage is worse when there is a vast class and the test has to be scored by a machine and so is tailored to the machine. This has become customary from the lowest grades to the highest. Now anyone who has had the misfortune to teach the freshman course in composition knows that most of the students can't write an English sentence. But how should they have learned? One learns to express a thought by writing something one knows, e.g. "The mass of the moon is a cause of the tides." One will not learn to write sentences by correctly marking a multiple-choice question. One cannot learn, too late, by compositions on "Where I Went Last Summer," because narrative is too hard if one can't write a declarative sentence. So this basic ignorance is built into

the young by system; but the system does allow for the economy of big classes, grading on the curve, and large samplings for scientific appraisal of the teaching—since a major function of administration is Evaluation.

CONSIDER DEPARTMENTALISM. A student is absorbed in work on an essay in history, but she "ought to" leave off and study her German or she will flunk out of the school. According to his best judgment, the professor of history thinks that the professor of German would do well to excuse her till the next semester, but of course he can't approach him and request it. What is involved here? It seems to me that there are two viable procedures. On the one hand, there is the European way adopted by Jefferson, according to which the student follows his own interests and takes comprehensives when he is ready. The student, left to himself, or abandoned, must learn by his mistakes; and perhaps this is best, though of course it often results in dilatory exploration that does not fit our contemporary notions of scheduling from the cradle to the grave. On the other hand, in a small college working as a functional whole, a staff meeting of the teachers who know the student could progressively advise him; and this perhaps suits the comparative immaturity of American collegians. Our administrative mentality, however, chooses a third, unviable, alternative: having decided *beforehand* what the "goal" is, it imposes it on the student as a pattern. When the fit is spectacularly bad, the student is referred to "Guidance," which is another branch of the administration. "As in so many other aspects of Middletown's life, creakings in the school system are met primarily not by changes in the foundations but by adding fresh stories to its superstructure" (Robert Lynd).

At our actual faculty meetings, of course, real students are rarely discussed; but even needed reforms in the curriculum or the system of credits are hard to ef-

fectuate, since the individual teacher, even if he has tenure, is unwilling to take a disinterested view lest his own specialty be dropped or not prescribed. This is built into the system from the Ph.D. on. Instead of the license to teach signifying for the young teacher a philosophical and historical handling of the subject which gives him *something* to teach and to relate to other subjects, it rather imbues him with the *hybris*, as Walter Weir has called it, that he has made an "addition to knowledge." In his field.

Grading, credits, departmentalization, trivial expertise all constitute an administrative mentality in the faculty that intervenes between student and teacher—in some institutions to such an extent that the formal administration itself makes more educational sense than the teachers, especially when the president has either an aggressively new or a stubbornly traditional educational idea. Such a leader is like a new top manager in a firm who for a time can shake up the bureaucracy. But he proves to be a tyrant who fires and hires according to his preconception, and soon the community is more cowed and lifeless than before (there are well-known cases).

For the most part, however, the bureaucratic system of the faculty serves admirably to produce the paper degrees and bales of publications that further the ambitions of the administration, for it is by such success that institutions acquire prestige, grants, the pick of students. It is not a system calculated to elicit original genius, to help a young person find a vocation, or to encourage the honest exploration of nature. E.g., if a student's experiment in chemistry does not come "out," he will not devote the rest of the semester to discovering *how* it did not come "out" and exactly what did happen, but he will see to it that he finally gets the "correct" reaction to satisfy the requirements. The students who fall by the wayside in this particular obstacle course are not necessarily the least gifted; it is not surprising if

teachers regard the process as a waste of time and devote themselves to contractual research. The reality that can be hoped for in colleges is the occasional meeting of spirits confronting an objective subject matter. With this the administration does not deliberately interfere; but the smooth and prestigious functioning of the administrative mentality effectually prevents it from happening. There is an error in metaphysics: the inspection, bookkeeping, and scheduling that work in a factory do not work in a school; this is what Veblen was saying.

IN POLICING the students and faculty, however, since it has to deal directly with persons, the administration is often less innocent. I do not wish to call attention to cases of irrational vindictiveness and resentment of other people's good times, for these occur humanly everywhere, but to the essentially collegiate problem of maintaining an inoffensive appearance to the outside world. A good policeman keeps the peace in a community; it is a very different thing to keep the appearance of peace for some outsider's prejudice.

Why, at the college level, does the administration assume policing to be *its* function at all? The claim is that the college stands *in loco parentis*. Maybe so—though it is pathetic how in this country we keep youth in social and sexual tutelage to age twenty. (At twenty-one, however, we approve an immediate taking on of career and mate.) Yet if indeed the college must be *in loco parentis*, the administration would seem to be the most unfortunate choice for the parent-figure, since it has no direct or exemplary personal relation with the sons and daughters, except precisely in emergencies of discipline.

In designing the University of Virginia, Jefferson attempted to combine the continental European and the American attitudes on college paternalism. European colleges assume no parental role, though they provide strong community protection

against the world. Jefferson wanted the students to police themselves, without surveillance, "the rather as forming them for initiation into the duties of civil life." Nevertheless, in his architectural plan he saw to it that each group of dormitories adjoined a professor's family home, and he provided that the youth would periodically dine there and be able to seek guidance in their anxieties. I have heard the legend that the student cells had two doors. Out the rear door, a student could keep his horse, his slave, or his prostitute without public note. When he emerged out the front door onto the green, he was supposed to dress well and learn deportment. "Avoid too much government, by requiring no useless observances," said Jefferson, "none which shall merely multiply occasions for dissatisfaction, disobedience, and revolt." This salutary advice applies eminently to the bewildering, yet uninteresting, variety of dormitory rules in most of the nineteen hundred American colleges.

The teachers are the only possible candidates for the role of campus parents, since only they merit authority through respectful acquaintance. Naturally the teachers do not want, or they fear, or they are embarrassed, to be cast in this role. That's their problem. The students, on the other hand, certainly look hopefully toward them, but they are usually put off, sometimes coldly.

For the sake of maintaining appearances, administrative paternalism can, at its worst, come to cases like this: at a great university a young woman consults the medical center because she might be pregnant; the next week she is dropped from the school on a scholastic pretext. If this case is authentic, the outrage is not only the breach of medical ethics, which would make medical service impossible on the campus, but the smooth avoidance of the true issue by the Dean. She (or he) cannot openly say that pre-marital sex will be punished, for that would raise a derisive howl among the students. Yet the adminis-

tration can hardly say uncharitably that it is punishable only if a girl becomes pregnant. The policy is to give no contraceptive advice; its effect is to drive young women to desperate illegal abortions.

Another case, involving faculty: at a freshman orientation weekend in the mountains, a professor of biology lectures on the usual subject of "The Nature of Man and Woman." His theme is that many of our mores and taboos have no physiological warrant but are cultural. The details reach the ears of another professor, who throws a paranoiac fit and demands his colleague's expulsion. How does the administration cope with this? By calling off future freshman orientation weekends! Naturally. Administration does not want another to-do like Leo Koch's expulsion from the University of Illinois; it is easier to penalize the students who cannot retaliate.

IN TWENTY-FIVE colleges across the country, I have heard students say that their chief complaint is that there is no communication between students and faculty. The lack works both ways. The professors suffer by being isolated from the students, who, after all, are their reason for being there. Without contact, the teaching must necessarily become cut and dried. Let me repeat a poignant anecdote that I have published elsewhere. At a small prestigious liberal arts college in the East a respected teacher was not promoted (read dropped). The students who, by waiting at tables, etc., know everything, indignantly told me the details. But the professor said to me, "How did *you* find out about it? And did *they* really care? If I had known they cared, I should have put up a fight."

The lack of communication is often built into the architecture. A new building will have a good cafeteria for the students and a sumptuous common room for the teachers, yet there will be no place on the entire campus where a professor can have his cup of coffee with the students, signal-

ing by his presence that he is available to chat. At some places—e.g. Carleton in Minnesota—they have tried to institute a regular common coffee hour, but few attend, it is too stiff. Scheduled office hours also do not produce significant contact, because they are structured to “important questions,” something to justify taking the teacher’s time. (A student has remarked that he has to invent a “personal problem” if he wants an admired teacher to pay attention to him.) The worst abomination, though, is the English-type High Table, which subjects the faculty to being “with” the students during meals, without being with them at all.

Recent studies, reviewed by Robert Knapp (in *The American College*), show that to the student the excellence of a teacher depends on his “interest in students,” “fairness,” “sympathy,” “helpfulness,” “sincerity,” and “enthusiasm.” (What is noteworthy, but not surprising, is that such student ratings correlate highly with faculty ratings of one another in terms of “research” and “originality.”) Nevertheless, in our society, student-faculty relationships are inevitably embarrassed. Students are afraid of being rebuffed and “rejected.” Teachers are afraid of becoming “emotionally involved.” At its best, the teaching function is an erotic one; thus it always threatens to seem, or to become, sexual. So the reinforcement of the idiotic sexual mores of society by the academic necessities of self-defense makes the professors timid altogether. It is an unusual scholar who, like Milton Konvitz at Cornell, asks a fatherly question as a matter of course and follows up with practical concern. To be sure, young people are cannibals and will mercilessly devour the time and the attentiveness of their respected elders, who have family and business of their own. Yet apart from the needs of the young, and the graceful and grateful rewards that the young know how to give, there is not much in teaching at a college. Teaching is worthwhile if it is teaching a subject matter for

someone, or if it is teaching *someone* by means of a subject matter. If it is merely lecturing on a subject matter or hearing lessons, it is better done by tapes and films and teaching machines (which is, of course, what we are coming to).

A further embarrassment of relations between students and teachers is caused by the inevitable business of recommendations and placement. But this becomes an impossible rift when there is also interference from outside, as in the proliferating cases of questioning teachers about their students by security agents and business corporations. Let me quote a good paragraph by the American Civil Liberties Union:

Those who think of education primarily as the delivery of information by teachers to students will find no danger here. But if probing, sharing, and hypothesizing are regarded as essential; if education requires uninhibited expression and thinking out loud; if tentative and spontaneous ideas are to be encouraged as conducive to learning . . . then questions relating to the student’s loyalty and patriotism, his political or religious or moral or social beliefs and attitudes, his general outlook, his private life, may well jeopardize the teacher-student relation and become a threat to the educational process.

AMONG THE STUDENTS, the administrative mentality is not firmly fixed. (It is, rather, precluded by embarrassment, diffidence, and the need to one-up.) Most students are apathetic about the student government for the sufficient reason that it has no real powers. To run the dances, to decide which firm of jewelers will make the regalia, are not worth campaigning about. (Indeed, at Columbia this year the collegians suddenly voted three-to-one to throw out the government altogether and have anarchy.) Fortunately, on most campuses, the more conventional and popular students who like to make petty arrangements and who care about being big-shots are members of Greek-letter societies that are adequate political blocs.

Student agitation for significant campus reform, on the other hand, is less likely to be constitutional and allowable.

It has been thought to give students more power by a national association of the student governments; that is, typically, by adding another story to the superstructure. My guess is that this does little for each community. Students are in college only a few years; their problems are local and transient. To be useful for growth, problems must be met on the spot and at once, as when recently the students at Oyster Bay struck and got rid of the new president who had taken away privileges, subdivided the divisions, and removed a beloved dean. (Significantly, that school had been run by its faculty, and there was exceptional contact between teachers and students.) But like Young Socialists, Young Democrats, or Young Birchites, national student associations tend to pass resolutions about China or Katanga, even though the members are too young to vote. Sometimes the national student action is relevant to youth, as in attacking segregation; nevertheless it avoids the hard task of democracy, which is to fight where the shoe immediately pinches, on the campus.

College newspapers commit the same mistake. Mostly, of course, their chief aim is to make like newspapers, with due sensationalism, lofty editorials, etc.; this is to be expected, the papers are play. But it has also become customary to print some national or world news, to avoid just covering Home News, which is "trivial." The editors could not be more in error. Real home news is far from trivial. If the journalists would ferret out abuses and publicize ways to improve campus life; if they would smoke out the professors' opinions and make them commit themselves or be quoted as refusing to commit themselves; if they would editorialize in order to have an effect, then the papers would be lively, and the editors would find themselves expelled. (*Mutatis mutandis*, the same could be said of the New York Times.)

By and large, administrations are liberal

about the most controversial *off-campus* issues, including inviting Communist speakers or analyzing *Operation Abolition*. This is innocent debating and patently educational. Unhappily, the administration is then hit from the other side, by the American Legion and the State House.

If, however, the student organization or the press becomes very controversial about an issue *on* campus, one can be sure that before long they will be muffled not because of the content of what is said or done, but because something is in Poor Taste. And the conformist majority of the students will agree that it is in Poor Taste. If a professor takes part, he will be disapproved of as unmannerly and disloyal, washing dirty linen in public.

AS THROUGHOUT our society, the current social mobility disrupts community in the colleges too. Mobility is partly a result of necessary expansion, but it is also a matter of administrative policy. There is a game of musical chairs: the Berkeley Ph.D. becomes an instructor at Cornell, Cornell goes to Iowa, and Iowa goes to Berkeley. These first moves involve finding new houses and dragging the oldest child out of nursery school. Is this necessary? The question is not simple: academically, the incestuous staffing of departments can be deadly; a young teacher might learn something from new superiors. Yet there seems to be a fantasy that the new man will come wearing a golden crown; he is chosen by fallacious criteria, e.g., one recommends the departing son to strangers in rather more glowing terms than would be credible at home; and there is no use of new superiors if one never comes into intellectual contact with them. Further, the move is repeated at regular intervals—it may be seven, eight, nine years before one gets tenure—again camping in the new faculty housing, and the children dragged from higher grades in school. The wife adjusts as best she can.

Whatever the academic merits of the policy of mobility, for the community of scholars it is an unmitigated evil. It is im-

possible for loyalty to develop, whether to the welfare of the school, or of the younger men to the seniors, or of the seniors to one another. For a faculty to be strong and fight an issue to the end, it is necessary for the members to be able to count on one another, and this requires an acquaintanceship of many years. Likewise, a teacher will not befriend students if he is going to leave next year, and this year and next year make two out of the student's term of four.

Conversely, those who stay, get tenure and seniority, and become chairmen of departments, will often be precisely the safe and the amiable who get on with the other chairmen and the administration. Thus, in a devolution by artificial selection, the voting senior professors become adjuncts of the strong administration, whose opinions and disposition they share. Both mobility and stability conspire to weaken the community. Of course, some of the oldsters who have no fight left in them are simply tired; e.g., they cling to the rules of the Association of University Professors although new issues might demand new means of action. But most of the established seniors were company men to begin with; and further, the increasingly abundant technologists—and even some of the scientists—are morons about community affairs. The wanderers, the great men, have more vitality, but they care nothing about the college.

In a great school, then, we might see as fragmented forces, a band of young instructors and assistant professors intent on planning revisions in curriculum, methods, and community, because they are still fired by the adventure of teaching and are trying desperately to make their life-work worthwhile, though they see everywhere portents of vacuity. They are separated by a chasm from the older faculty, who are either independent great men or are with the administration, and are either maintaining the status quo or revising it in the direction of image, efficiency, and expansion. (These top-down revisions, by the

way, have recently been occurring with increasing boldness, bordering on effrontery.) Except for some of the graduates, the students do not mix with the lively instructors who are recently married and have the young-married social life; they are isolated from the middle-aged faculty by mutual embarrassment and because the professors are busy; and the more fatherly older faculty are likely to be squares. To this isolation from the grown-ups, the young react with their famous sub-culture. Last but not least, each member of every group may be competing with and one-upping the others.

TO SUM UP: in the interests of its image, and busy with buildings and grounds, contractual research, syllabi, policing, and prestigious personnel, the administration of many colleges continues to disrupt the community of scholars and students. Fifty years after Veblen described the nefarious effects of bureaucracy and business methods, we see that the colleges, like the rest of America, have succumbed to the familiar style of the Organized System, smooth, rationalizing, bold, and vacuous.

The administrator cunningly protects his institution like any top manager, hard-working, faithful to the firm, and competitive to aggrandize it. He does no deliberate damage except in personal issues, but of course it is just in its persons that a community exists. By weakening the community, he avoids conflict. Trustees and donors have special interests; parents are panicky and legislators are stupid; many professors and the organizations of professors are prestigious and vocal, and anyway they have tenure. It is the students and the reality of teaching and learning that are the easiest sacrifices.

Return now to the truism with which I began this essay, that the schools are a chief means of socializing; and let me raise again the problem that I discussed in my book *Growing Up Absurd*: the situation of youth when the system of society makes

socialization impossible. In the colleges as everywhere else there is a strong polarizing between the majority who conform, resignedly or cynically, and an increasing number who are disgusted and cannot or will not do the work. (My guess is that young "conservatives" are not conservative at all, but nihilists of the right, youthful fascists.)

Nevertheless, even at their worst, colleges are not impossible societies. All of them have a hum of life and a pain of frustration still felt; most of them are far prettier than any other neighborhoods in America. And this explains, in my opinion, the pervasive complaint of the students that there is no contact with the teachers. It is a persistent hunger for the real college, as a normal institution of growth.

LET US CONSIDER the process of socialization rather more philosophically than is usual. When there is a rigid system of society, with impersonal "objective" aims, youth at once becomes an exploited class. It must give up its own genius to provide replacement and labor for the dominant system. The *liberi*, the sons of the freemen, become effectually slaves, and instead of a liberal education there are various kinds of apprentice training. The idea of a liberal education is to bring up the young to be new centers of initiative; they will identify with, take over, renew, and transform the adult society and culture. In an important sense, the liberally educated make their careers. (Liberal education is, of course, easier when social change is slower and the career choices are familiar and traditional.) Illiberal training is, instead, teleological. It stamps the young for predetermined uses.

Resisting such pre-formation, the young sometimes become class-conscious of themselves as exploited, and they develop their own rebellious ideology. French Romanticism after the Congress of Vienna is a good example; or the flocking of the bohemians to Mazzini and Garibaldi in Rome. The principle is that the enemy are

the grown-ups who have power; the problem is to find one's own grown-ups, in order to learn something. In this light we can make sense of the American student attitude toward Castro. A pretty good reporter like Theodore Draper cannot find the class basis of the Cuban Revolution; he shows that it was not the industrial workers, not the farmers, not the middle class. But perhaps it was just the youth, rallying to this leader. (Castro makes not a bad Garibaldi, he is even younger; the bother is that there is no Mazzini, only Che Guevara.) Whether or not this was importantly the case in Cuba itself, there is no doubt that among the Beats and on our American campuses, Castro had this meaning. The youth were not much interested in Cuban economics, and not at all in civil liberties, nor that Castro broke the University, but they were enthusiastic over a young fellow with a beard who licked the old squares, and our own squares had better observe "Fair Play." They were enraptured by every display of uninhibited personal contact between Castro and the people that defied protocol and public relations. (May I point out as a warning that our own illiberal society is open to trouble if a youth-demagogue appears who "pays attention"?)

Mary Bunting, the president of Radcliffe, makes the same point in another way when she says that at present the youth of the world regard one another as an international class, and do not take their separate intervening governments with equal seriousness. If only this is so, we shall get rid of nuclear war.

In simple conditions, the young grow up among men and women, model themselves on men and women, are included in adult activities, and become adult. But if today—and for good reasons—they dissociate themselves from the grown-up world, they are faced with a peculiar problem. In order to learn something and finish growing up, they must find and attach themselves to grown-ups who can be respected because they know something or have

some other value, who pay attention and let themselves be attached to, and who play an exemplary role in the world that youth can learn to share. These are the needs that express themselves, in the colleges, as the complaint that there is no contact with the teachers. The first requirement can be met; most of the teachers know something and are not bad on their home grounds, in the classroom; and the students are touchingly respectful—except for the conformist cynics who regard the teachers as ill-paid butlers. The second requirement is harder, for, as we have seen, it is just as concerned communities that the colleges are poor; guidance comes from impersonal administration; sympathetic clarification of the students' own ideas comes from nobody; and the teachers brush off attention to themselves.

But it is the third requirement that is most necessary and most unavailable. Most necessary, because it is only if the ideals and wisdom of the classroom make a difference in the intramural community and in the world, that the student can understand that college is *about* something, it has a connection, rather than being merely a way to get ahead when getting ahead isn't much worthwhile. The student must learn that the intellectual virtues are active virtues. But this learning is unavailable in colleges because it is just the confrontation of reality, whether in the community or the world, that is vehemently discouraged

by administration. We have given many examples in the community. Conceive now of a few possibilities of the scholars playing their appropriate role in the world, as loyal opposition and watchdog of society. The physics department would notify the government that competition rather than cooperation in exploring space is quite incompatible with science as taught in the classroom and laboratory. The school of architecture would not be bashful in its criticism of public housing in cities like New York. The departments of physiology and psychology would have a lot to tell the police and the legislators about the drug and sex laws, laws which will never be changed unless informed professional opinion intervenes. The department of English and the school of journalism might cooperate in criticizing the inadequacy of the *New York Times* and the insulting and nauseating tone of the advertising.

The community of scholarship is the *amicus curiae* of society. Who else? Young people would then be proud of their elders and their school.

But what is the effect of scholarly behavior as it is? The students see that their teachers' knowledge and idealism end in nothing or, worse, in empty smirking no different from the slavish griping of soldiers against their officers. They are confirmed in their suspicion that college is entirely organized into the system and there is, in learning, no exit.

EVELYN N. ROSSMAN

A FUND-RAISER COMES TO NORTHRUP

LAST WINTER, a billboard was erected on the lawn of the Conservative temple in Northrup. "The Need Is Great," it proclaimed. "The Time Is Now! Give Generously to Your Jewish Community!"

The word "Need"—heavily charged with a sense of trouble, sickness, and disaster—was what struck me. What could it mean to a community that was growing more prosperous and secure every year? Though I quickly learned that the "Need" was not for food for the hungry or homes for the homeless, but for a banquet hall equipped to handle lavish weddings and Bar Mitzvahs, the sign kept stopping me like a roadblock. It seemed to symbolize the confusion in Northrup between needs and desires, between the community problems cluttering the path beneath our feet and the campaigns that divert attention from them. In time, the words on the sign rearranged themselves in my mind to ask, "What does Northrup need?" What *is* the Jewish community there? Whom does it belong to? How much is "generously"?

In the last twelve years the population of Northrup has more than doubled. Its Jewish community has grown from a small, struggling minority into an affluent majority. Throughout the town, develop-

ments of substantial custom-built houses on landscaped tracts of land have created a new image of the Jews in Northrup. Formerly, the Jewish families in the town—with the exception of the few wealthy ones—lived in small bungalows on flat bare lots. Today, even those families that still live in the bungalows have enlarged and improved their homes to keep up with the fine new houses that surround them.

The structure of the Jewish community has changed as radically as its physical appearance. It began almost like a family circle—protective of its members, concerned with its separation from the general community, but equally concerned with the impression it made upon the non-Jewish majority. Temple activities mirrored those of the churches. Fashions in clothing and home decoration were influenced by the local customs that favored simplicity and abhorred ostentation. The Jewish community was shaped both by the New England town that surrounded it and by its own desire for unity. The Conservative temple called itself the Jewish Community Center, and its leaders could not imagine that a Jewish family might come to live in Northrup without belonging to it.

After ten years of continuous growth, the Jewish community of Northrup split up into three separate congregations. The Conservative temple was no longer able to cope with dissenting opinions about services, *kashrut*, or the education of the children, and Reform and Orthodox congregations were organized. At present

EVELYN N. ROSSMAN here returns to her discussion of Jewish life in an American suburb. This is the fifth article in the series: the last previous one appeared September 1959. (The names of both author and town are pseudonymous.)

each has a building, a rabbi, and a school, and each struggles to raise the money needed to support them. The Conservative temple, however, still calls itself the Jewish Community Center, ignoring the fact that about four hundred families do not belong to it. The Reform temple particularly attracts the younger families who have grown impatient with the domination of the Conservative temple by the older, more prosperous Jewish families. The Orthodox synagogue, the smallest and weakest, is still the cheapest to join and has gained members from the newcomers who are unwilling or unable to pay the expensive fees of the other temples.

This fragmentation within the Jewish community has not brought the Jews of Northrup any closer to their non-Jewish neighbors. They group together in the new housing developments and are isolated from the older part of the town, though here, too, there is very little social mixing of Jew and non-Jew. The public schools, the library, and the cultural activities in the town have all been strengthened by individual Jewish effort, but in general the organized Jewish community has grown increasingly self-centered. In this, the congregations still resemble the churches whose different memberships form distinct social groups.

THE CHARACTER of the former Jewish community was the result of several different attitudes. There were those members who felt their Jewishness very strongly and could live only within a Jewish milieu. There were others who took part in Jewish affairs only after they had tried unsuccessfully to find a place for themselves in the social life of Northrup. There were still others who, though ignorant of and indifferent to Jewish life, wanted their children to remain Jewish, which meant that they needed a community that would create a Jewish atmosphere and loyalty for them.

Some of the first members of the Conservative temple were motivated by their

loyalty to the Jewish people "in history." Others were concerned only with the members of their congregation. All came to share, however, the notion that the "community" was sacred. Anything done "for the community" was automatically being done "for a good cause," and the assumption grew that what was good for the community was good for the individuals in it. The community was committed to "survival," and to live outside it seemed evidence of an indifference to this strong, if ambiguous imperative. Though "survival" implied separation from the general community, the implication was buried under the more popular idea that it was the proper, American thing to belong to a religious group and to participate in the social life that surrounds places of worship. The temples did help their members to become typical suburbanites by offering them opportunities to join garden clubs and bridge clubs, sewing circles and book review luncheons, separate but equal to those run by the local churches.

Living within the Jewish community, however, was never easy. There were too many decisions to make and too few people with the ability to accept any authority. Should the policies of the community be determined by the rabbi, the principal of the Hebrew school, the members who donate the most money, or should everyone make his own decision? Each family ultimately made its own decision about the education of its children, the rituals it would observe, the holidays it would celebrate, and the amount of money and time it would donate to the Jewish community. It was a rare family which simply followed the pattern set by the generation before it.

There were many evidences of private anxiety and public quarreling, but the majority of the Jews in Northrup seemed to be sustained by the moving idea of a community, and by the feeling that the difficulties were its "growing pains." There was, until recently, the expectation that a wise rabbi would some day unite the Jews

of Northrup, that a modern school would educate all the children, and that a new style of Jewish living would evolve offering much more stability and satisfaction than had the alienation and anonymity of the city neighborhoods which had been left behind.

Though the dream of a community was always vague and idealized, the reality is very clear and often unsatisfactory, and some of the people who have watched the changes in Northrup over the past twelve years have come to be deeply disappointed. Today there is no longer a definable Jewish community in Northrup. There are many groups and their interests do not necessarily complement each other. What seems to be "a good cause" to one is of little interest to another. An increasing number of people are not at home in any of the temples, and are unable to believe that what is good for "the community" is necessarily good for the individual. Many who are still paying dues and making contributions wonder how long they can sustain an allegiance that has so little connection with their feelings. None of the temples has been able to reach more than a small fraction of its own members through services or education programs. The idea that qualification for membership in a temple might be a year's study rather than a sum of money, brings laughter. All of the Hebrew schools are for temple members only, and most parents join for the sake of their children.

THE CHILDREN study for membership in a religious community that exists primarily at their level. Adults may stay at home; the children, however, are marked down for every Saturday service they miss. They must learn prayers they seldom hear at home and rituals they may never see observed. Their Jewishness is expressed mainly as a form of public behavior. Holidays are celebrated as rallies and confirmations are social performances. The traditional Jewish education offered in different quantities at the three schools

permits few opportunities for children to voice any doubts or questions, or to respond in a personal rather than a group fashion. If they do not find their place in the community celebrations, they are not likely to have other religious resources, despite the years they have spent studying Hebrew and the Bible. The Bar Mitzvah or Bas Mitzvah marks the end of childhood and of Jewish education.

The children who have attended Hebrew school in the fourteen years that I've been watching them—both as a parent and as a teacher—can be divided into four groups. One group—the majority—accepts the temple as a center of social life. Another, smaller group is disturbed to discover that "freedom" in Jewish life means "freedom to be Jewish," not individual freedom. Some of them seek out only non-Jewish friends in opposition to the pressure to keep the adolescents apart from their non-Jewish peers. (A few years ago an unusual number of teen-age intermarriages and children born out of wedlock to Jewish girls alarmed the Jewish community, but there have been few such cases since.) A third group is made up of young people who get very angry at any imperfection discovered within organized Jewish life, and who demand of it much higher standards than they expect from other people. They ask why the temple does not take a stand on housing for Negroes in town. They are troubled by the temple's "commercialism," though the wish for facilities that will impress the young people pushes the temples into endless fund-raising efforts. The teen-agers who attract the most attention, however, are those who suddenly chose to follow the commandments their parents ignored. "I picked up *kashrut* at the USY Convention," a fifteen-year-old boy said. He is one of the group who refuse to eat their mother's cooking because it isn't kosher. The boys may attend the morning *minyan* while their fathers sleep. They refuse to go to school on even the minor holidays. When their parents worry about them,

they argue, "Isn't this what you wanted? Isn't this what you sent us to Hebrew school for?"

To their parents, such acceptance seems as aggressive as their own rejection had been years before. Parents don't know whether to be pleased or unhappy at the sudden interest in ritual. "It's something to hold on to," one boy said wistfully. "It's a pretty crazy world and services give me a good feeling. . . ." Listening to him, his mother felt a sense of failure to discover that her son might need an experience that meant little to her. The rabbi and Hebrew teachers are proud of the children they have "saved" from their parents, while the parents suspect they are witnessing another passing phase of adolescence.

Though the decision to educate the children provided the strongest motivation for building and maintaining the temples in Northrup, parents have had little influence upon the nature of the education. Because they are ignorant and also unprepared to study with their children, they have left the school decisions to the professional educators, either older teachers who acquired their Jewish education in Eastern Europe or young Israelis, neither of whom are likely to be much interested in the social conflicts that their students are facing. There is little communication between parents and teachers and no occasions when they meet to discuss the goals or methods of the school. Those parents who are interested in education are given many opportunities to raise money for new classrooms or to bake cookies for holiday parties, but their opinion of the curriculum is of no interest to anyone. The Hebrew school is concerned with maintaining and preserving one or another tradition, not with the growth and development of young people in the particular community in which they live. The Hebrew schools, like the temples, each offer a brand of Judaism. Anyone who doesn't like the brand is free to try another or to live outside the Jewish community. Thus rituals may be followed or ignored, but they can-

not be altered or questioned, either by adults or by children.

THOUGH THE NUMBER of unaffiliated families in Northrup is increasing, the majority pay dues to one of its temples, and Jewish virtue is measured by one's ability to apply and accept financial pressure. The giving of money, even when it is influenced by social aspirations and the wish for public approbation, is still deeply influenced by the traditional Jewish concern for *ts'dakah*. Giving is expected to redeem the giver from guilt, anxiety, and death itself, while at the same time it measures loyalty and devotion to the community. In Northrup, contributions to religious and secular Jewish organizations have become substitutes for prayer and study, in much the same way that prayer and study replaced the sacrifices of ancient times.

This development became especially noticeable during the fund-raising campaign of the Conservative temple. The enlargement of the building was urged not because the temple was bursting at the seams but because activity within it was all but coming to a standstill. Fewer and fewer people were attending services, and it was difficult to find ten members for a *minyan*. Most of the adult classes had disbanded and the ones that survived were so small that they met in private homes. The Sisterhood hired professional entertainers to lure the members to monthly meetings and the Brotherhood struggled to get a quorum to elect officers and vote for a budget. Each year it had grown more difficult to raise enough money for the Hebrew school, the only busy place in the temple.

The same kind of apathy was also taking its toll in the new Reform temple and in the small Orthodox congregation. Everyone had agreed that the Jews of Northrup were tired of too many meetings, too many speeches, and too many requests for funds. However, the rabbi and the leaders of the Conservative temple were

able once again to get people excited with exhortations about "Jewish survival" and "the sake of the children." Of course, the temple building program meant different things to different people. A few members of the congregation were interested in donating substantial amounts of money that would give them a feeling of accomplishment and create a useful memorial. The rabbi believed the building program would reawaken interest in the temple and provide for a show of loyalty and affection. The school principal was interested in the new classrooms that were planned. The youth leader was hoping for a hall where the teen-agers could dance. The women were interested in a new kitchen. Though the temple library had been closed and not missed for more than a year, a new library was also part of the building plan.

Those who questioned the necessity of the expansion were warned that it would be sinful to vote against a fund-raising campaign; contributing to a temple was a way of earning good deeds and must be encouraged. The rabbi assured the congregation that no one was under any obligation. A request for funds would be made and members asked to contribute according to their ability. The size of the addition would be determined by the amount of money raised.

However, the local leaders were soon being helped by a professional fund-raiser. He began by reminding them that Northrup was a typical American Jewish community. He had helped raise funds for two hundred temples in recent years and found it possible to use the same appeals wherever he went. The fund-raiser moved into the rabbi's study with his mimeograph machine, secretaries, and stacks of printed literature. The temple, which had been so quiet since the dissenters left to build their own temple and school, suddenly came to life. Men were called to meet with the fund-raiser every night of the week. During the day, the hallways were full of women volunteers stuffing envelopes.

THOUGH THE CONGREGATION had always been divided socially by age, money, and education, the lines of division were never explicit or clearly drawn. No one admitted to being rich or poor. The wealthiest family in the congregation was the first to insist that they were "ordinary middle-class people," no different from their neighbors. The first demand that the fund-raiser made, however, was for information about the amounts of money available in the congregation. He met with a selected committee to assess the incomes of all the members on the basis of their age, occupation, the homes they owned, the cars they drove, the trips they took, and the clothes they wore. As a consolation for this new classification of the community, the names of almost the whole congregation were printed on stationery and brochures as "Building Fund Campaign Officers and Committees." No one's permission was asked: it was assumed that everyone would be pleased to see his name in print.

Dinner parties were planned and everyone was invited. The affluent were invited to the home of the wealthiest member of the temple. Others were invited with their peers to the temple basement. The procedure was the same in both places. A respected member of the congregation read a speech written for him by the fund-raiser. A few people—prepared to be "pace-setters"—then made substantial pledges, after which the names of all the people in the room were called. If they did not pledge the first time, their names were called again and again. Each dinner was expected to net a certain amount of money. If it failed to do so, there was a disappointment speech ready to read and there was also someone in the audience prepared to prime the pump by offering to increase his donation if ten others increased theirs.

Some of the leaders were deeply troubled to find that the plan for a campaign without pressure had been forgotten. The fund-raiser assured them that his way

was the only way; that there would be no funds for hospitals, schools, old-age homes, as well as churches and synagogues, without campaigns that applied pressure. He believed that the public had to be taught responsibility. He declared that his campaign was an educational program to teach the ordinary individual what his community expected of him and to prod him into accepting his share of responsibility.

Twenty-eight mailings were sent out in thirty-five days as "educational material." These letters and brochures went to the entire congregation—to those who came to the dinner parties and made pledges and to those who chose to ignore the invitations to the "Loyalty Affairs." The educational material offered an amalgam of Ecclesiastes, Nehemiah, Aesop, and the accumulated wisdom of the fund-raiser. Some typical excerpts follow:

Most of us live ordinary lives. Most of the things we do from day to day are ordinary things. Perhaps that is why many of us can truthfully say we are ordinary folks. . . . Yet nobility abides in every human heart. . . . And once, twice, perhaps a half-dozen times in our span of years, comes an opportunity to leave everything that is commonplace, everything that pertains to the mundane and ordinary and to reach the heights of greatness, goodness, and nobility. . . . Each can taste of nobility by boldly committing himself to the greatest gift of which he is capable.

From Nehemiah came: "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build. . . ." From the *Sayings of the Fathers* came: "He who gives and wishes others to give . . . is a saint."

The letters were illustrated with mimeographed fingers pointing to the words, "It's up to you!" Another day brought a picture of a gavel being raised with the admonition:

You be the judge! You alone can decide. . . . Do not look at someone else's gift—look into your heart and conscience and

if you and your family and friends are proud of what you have given and it meets the amount they think you can justly afford—when you have offered it to God with some measure of devoted sacrifice—then you have truly given your earnest share.

The rabbi compared the rebuilding of his temple with the rededication of the temple of the Maccabees. The temple became a "monument to faith," a symbol of Jewish strength and survival, and an answer to Eichmann, Hitler, and all the tyrants that had come before them. As the campaign ran its course, the members were asked first for a "fair-share pledge," then for a "sacrificial pledge," and finally for a "minimum pledge." The decision to ask for a "minimum pledge" was justified—according to the fund-raiser and the leaders—by the idea that a temple belonged equally to those who had contributed hundreds and those who had contributed thousands. In fact, however, the "minimum pledge" was less, rather than more, democratic. The schoolteacher or the salesman earning ten thousand dollars or less a year was asked to give a greater proportion of his income than the businessman who could take advantage of the tax laws. This pledge was especially annoying to those who believed that contributions should be given voluntarily, without pressure. Complaints, however, were rarely made directly to the rabbi or to the volunteer and professional fund-raisers. Many people preferred to believe that "one could not fight the community" rather than to admit that there actually was no unified community to fight.

Though the Conservative temple was no longer the Jewish community in any sense, its volunteers came with their pledge cards as "community representatives." If they were zealous, they echoed the rabbi's pronouncement that a larger temple offered a better chance for "Jewish survival." They spoke of the temple as a "second home" for its members and presented it as though it were a company living room.

The kitchen, social halls, and meeting rooms were made to seem as useful as extra space in a home and were "sold" as conveniences. But somehow they had also become "sacred," and to help build them was a good deed, a better investment than a new car, a fur coat, or a trip to Miami. If the volunteers were shy and embarrassed about troubling their neighbors, their apologies and awkwardness made it even harder to turn them away.

The campaign leaders were chosen for their ability to contribute and tended to be people who were conscious of their ability to survive and succeed in America. They had begun their lives in Russia, Poland, or the slums of New York and Boston. They seemed to need their names on plaques and doorways for reassurance, public proof of their prosperity and generosity. Most of the volunteers, however, were younger people without a success story behind them. They were looking for a sense of accomplishment that their personal or professional lives didn't give them. "Everyone wants to leave something behind," one said. "Why not a fine building?" Many volunteers were in the age group whose education had been interrupted first by the depression, then by war, and finally by marriage and family needs. There were lawyers who were running butcher and grocery stores, teachers who were selling furniture or insurance. An engineer who managed a restaurant was typical of many of the volunteers who were looking for something idealistic to do, a way to lose themselves in a community effort that also used up the nights and the week-ends. The fund-raising campaign offered such an opportunity as well as a chance to do something "Jewish" that didn't demand education or faith.

Meanwhile immortality was for sale. A thousand dollars would earn a name on a brass plaque. One could be remembered by buying a parking lot, a doorway, a public-address system, an air-conditioner, or a chair. The women were encouraged to have their names inscribed on the kit-

chen tiles. The names of the pious could be inscribed on a Torah, a candelabra, or a *kiddush* cup. There were seventy-five different items on the list of available gifts, memorials, and dedications. The private longings for remembrance were to be stitched together like a patchwork quilt into a "surviving" community.

SHORTLY BEFORE the campaign began at the temple, two churches in Northrup also enlarged their facilities. The temple members who admired the churches' more restrained approach to fund-raising and who wished for a similarly quiet and low-pressured campaign,* were told by the fund-raisers that it was too early for "gentility." For the benefit of those members who were repelled by such matters as an "over-the-top campaign" with newspaper publicity, lists of contributors, and a "Victory Dance" for those who made the first payments on time, the rabbi also reminded his congregation of its "difference" from the churches in the town. He argued that the churches *could* be far more relaxed in their attitudes toward education and fund-raising for the reason that Christianity is disseminated in the home, the school, over television, and in the streets of the town, while Judaism is still sustained primarily by the Hebrew schools and the professional Jewish leaders. Zeal and pressure thus were required to pull people against the forces of their American environment. The campaign leaders viewed the opposition to their methods as

* The Evangelical Baptists imposed a tithe upon themselves of 10 per cent of their weekly incomes, to be paid until their church was completed. The Congregational Church, the dominant one in Northrup with as many members as the Conservative temple, hired a professional fund-raiser. The members, however, insisted that giving be considered a strictly private matter, with no probing of the "ability to give." Indeed, the minister eventually sent the fund-raiser away before the required amount of money was raised. Only three hundred of the five hundred members of the Congregational Church contributed, and many who could have given a thousand, it was said, gave only a hundred.

an indifference to "survival" and as an excuse for selfishness. As they put it, "people who don't want to give, don't like to be asked."

However, serious and dedicated members of the congregation were among the critics, and they were speaking from deeper concerns than those attributed to them. They believed that the pressures being exerted would have a dangerous influence, leading not to any meaningful renewal of the temple but to further pressure, divisiveness, and distortion of values. In the vacuum created by ignorance and inexperience, and by the competition with Christianity without a real acceptance of Judaism, the impulse to build, to expand for the sake of building, had entered to overpower all other community interests.

THE NEW TEMPLE, though still not finished, is already being used and is already deeply in debt. It cannot afford members who do not pay their increased share of the expenses. Its fine new rooms are all for rent, at fees that may drive organizations such as Hadassah to look for other places to hold their meetings. The people who are proud of the "beautiful building" would perhaps still be shocked to know how many people call it "the monster" because they scorn its size and elegance and continue to fear that it will divide and devour the community rather than unify and strengthen it. Others are wondering whether this and the other temples will ever again have any real effect on the Jews in Northrup, whether they are no more than "monuments to faith"—buildings where memorial services can be held. Amid the anxieties, there still remains

the question, "And what of the children?" Some have picked up the Bible and the Prayer Book where they were dropped a generation ago, as if the world were still the same, as if the children in Northrup were no different from the grandparents in Bialystok or Lemberg. But will they remember Rashi, or the fund-raising campaign? Will the word "need" for them be an appeal for help or a sign that the rug needs cleaning? Will the values they acquire in the protection and isolation of the Jewish community be any different or better than those learned at school or at home?

The questions are drowned by the rasp of the wood saws and grinding of unloading dump trucks. Who can answer them? The rabbi, unable to cope with the future, loses himself in an interest in archeology and mythology. The teachers are trying to keep from freezing in a half-finished school. The children are hoping that they never remove the piles of loam that make good hills for climbing. Hebrew school will be dull when the work is finished and the gashes in the earth are smoothed over and covered with grass. The professional fund-raiser has long ago left for another town, leaving to the amateurs the work of redeeming the pledges he extracted.* The congregation leaders plead with the members to pay their bill so that "we can bring to our congregation the real meaning of what the Temple *should* mean to every one of us." This "meaning" is as mysterious and as elusive as ever. But the sign, "The Need Is Great," has finally been taken away.

* Eventually, only twenty-five of the congregation of five hundred did not pledge.

SYDOR REY

EARTH—A Story

HOW COULD A FARMER, descended from generations of farmers, speak so enthusiastically of the earth? Shortly after Marcelli's arrival in New York, my aunt, related to him through his wife, asked him to dinner, and it was then that I met him. When I had left him, years ago, in my native town, he had been a young boy, working with his two older brothers on his father's small, excellently managed farm. I remember that in his time off he had assumed a sophisticated citified air, avoiding his family and acting ashamed of his connection with farm life. And now suddenly he was saying that all strength came from the earth, that the earth was our mother, that it breathed and lived.

Celinka, his wife, looked at him embarrassed, but on meeting my ironical glance, she said: "Sometimes he cries in his sleep, 'The earth is alive, alive,' as others might cry, 'The house is on fire.'"

Marcelli had apparently acquired this habit after his terrible war experiences. But he was so calm and strong that there could be no question of aberration in his case, and my aunt, who had also grown up in the country, saw nothing strange in his behavior. Each time he said that the

earth was alive, she would calmly echo: "Ah, the earth, the earth."

"Some natives of the South American jungle eat earth," I said.

Marcelli looked a long time at his wife, at her protruding belly (she was pregnant) and, with a broad smile, said: "That's wrong." The scar on the right side of his lower jaw seemed to be an additional dimple. "You don't eat your own mother. That would be poison, love."

During the Nazi occupation of Poland, Marcelli had stayed in the woods for two years, often spending entire nights on a tree.

He was close to forty; his face reminded one of a bouquet of wild flowers. His great strength was most apparent in his gray eyes, which seemed to be lifting enormous weights. He was both virile and maternal, as though he considered himself the source of life.

When I met him in New York at my aunt's, he had a job in a metal factory, and I could not treat his fantasies on the subject of the earth as poses or manias. Possibly I attached too much weight to his words, odd though they were.

In those days I thought a great deal about death, and I listened greedily to anything mystical, anything that blurred the boundaries between live and inanimate matter. I don't think I really wished to die; if I had, I would have hastened my death, I would have committed suicide. I only wanted to know death with some degree of intimacy, as my family had, before

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they perished under Nazi occupation. I wanted my life to be threatened, but without the possibility of dying. I played with my own life, resembled a dying man, but there was an element of theatricality in my behavior—I could read this in the eyes of those about me.

But Marceli, who knew that I had spent the war years in New York, sympathized with me, as if I had been one of the victims of the Nazi terror. "Ah, you should have been with me in the woods," he said when we parted after dinner.

Marceli sympathized with me, hence I was in need of help: for who could know this better than he—and perhaps I might really have died out of loneliness, grieving for the loss of my family?

SOME TIME AFTER my first meeting with Marceli, Aunt Elizabeth informed me by telephone that he had moved to the country, to a place in New Jersey where he had bought a well-equipped farm, and that his wife had given birth to a handsome boy. She also told me that Marceli and Celinka wanted us to visit them.

"Long live the earth!" my aunt cried in a martial voice into the receiver—she often startled people by saying the unexpected.

"The earth is alive," I could still remember Marceli saying. And so after years of black marketing, after working in a factory, he had returned to the country, settled on the land.—"If the earth is alive," I thought, "I too shall live."

My aunt decided it was time for her to buy a farm also, and it was thanks to her that we did not delay our visit too long.

Marceli and his wife received us lavishly. Celinka kept serving native dishes and delicacies, and Marceli, holding his youngest child in one arm, used the other to fill our glasses with vodka. Each time Celinka brought a full tray from the kitchen, he cried, "Ha, you see!"

He urged me to stay with him some time. "Ah, we'll have a good time together," he said.

At sunset, as we sat on a rock beneath a pine tree, he confided to me that when he was a boy, I had seemed a god to him; he had dreamed of living as elegantly as I. I realized that my deplorable physical and psychological state was destroying his boyish dream, hurting him. . . .

By mid-September I appeared at Marceli's house with two suitcases; the smaller containing clothes, the larger books. But though I stayed two and a half months in the country, I did not read a single book.

The days were beautiful. The fall was like wine—cool outside and warm inside. Throughout that time I was at Marceli's side, helping him in his work; he made me understand that I would be useful to him. Each time he assigned a job to me, it was the one I wanted; or perhaps I found the job to my liking because he had assigned it to me. He asked Celinka to prepare dishes that I happened to crave; or perhaps I found them to my liking because he had asked for them.

During my stay with Marceli I often heard him call out in his sleep, "The earth is alive, alive," as if he were crying, "The house is on fire."

"The earth was your scapular," I told him one night when I felt that contact with nature was lifting my spirits.

He did not answer this.

As we worked he told me about his life under the Nazis. He related his experiences systematically, having apparently decided to include everything. The stories were shared with me like bread. Celinka often interrupted him: "Don't torment him, Marceli."

"Don't worry," he would say. "It will do him good. Let him know how it was. Otherwise he'll imagine God knows what. . . ."

The words in which he told his stories were transparent: not only did I not hear them, but I did not even realize that they were transporting me to the reality he described. His experiences flowed to me directly from his eyes, voice, hands, from his whole body. Since no words stood

between that monstrous reality and myself, it was easier for me to find my place in it.

OUR TOWN WAS THE first in the Western Ukraine to be "free from Jews"—that was a great distinction. This "magnificent" deportation was headed by a retired schoolmistress, Miss Troksz, scrawny, tall, always dressed in black, with a blond wig. The majority of the local Jews had been her pupils. I do not know how this neat old woman—known for her exceptional garden, in which on summer nights she would sing nostalgic Ukrainian songs in a very low voice while accompanying herself on a mandolin, and which she watched over like an angry dog—became so enthusiastic about securing first place for our town in that "noble" competition. But old people often retain only weak contact with reality, and succumb easily to strange ideas; perhaps the pedantic, lonely old spinster, bitter and full of faded dreams, had decided that to rid the town of Jews was something like ridding her little garden of weeds.

Marceli's family for some time was not molested. As though nothing had changed, Marceli and his parents continued to work on their farm, but his two older brothers, Jozek and Wilus, ran away with several other young Jews to the thick woods on the Dniester River, about five miles from our town. They were unarmed and did not hold out long. After two weeks, a gang of young people from the neighboring villages surrounded them, murdered the entire group, and then threw their bodies into a common grave. But before sunset, one of Marceli's brothers came to in the still uncovered grave. Waiting until dark, he climbed out of the ditch, crawled all night on the cold forest ground, and at dawn reached the house of a farmer he knew. The following night the farmer brought him home in a cart.

Jozek remained in bed several weeks and died without recovering consciousness. During that time he continually

mumbled something; Marceli only much later, when he himself lay wounded, suddenly realized what Jozek had been saying—that he had been dead, but had been awakened by the odor of the earth in the grave, for the odor of the earth is stronger than that of blood.

Was that the source of Marceli's dreams about the earth, and of his words, which sounded so strange, coming from a descendant of generations of farmers?

When, less than two months after Jozek's death, Marceli's parents were deported, he was allowed to stay because old Iskrzynski convinced the agricultural authorities that Marceli's services were required on the estate he administered. His father, on being taken away, had kept silent, but his mother, stronger and taller than his father, said in parting: "Only the earth is left." Marceli did not know the meaning of his mother's words—whether nothing was left but the grave, or whether the earth was their only hope.

Iskrzynski disliked Jews, but in his eyes Marceli was no more a Jew than the other Jews he knew well. His ideas about Jews were not his own, but his attitude toward individual Jewish acquaintances was. This theoretical, or let us say, civilized anti-Semitism of otherwise decent people had fatal consequences: under Hitler's terror it was this very type of anti-Semitism that chiefly accounted for the total indifference of masses of decent people toward the slaughter of the Jews. It is possible that in many cases this slaughter served to allay mass resentment against Hitler, and that the Nazis realized this and profited from it.

For the aged administrator Iskrzynski, Marceli was a capable young farmer whose advice and help he had often used. It would have been wasteful to let such a farmer perish miserably. Marceli's knowledge of cattle was unsurpassed; and in the absence of the veterinarian the farmers often came to him for help.

Iskrzynski made him supervisor, and gave him a riding horse and a room next

to his own in the slovenly wooden house, full of cats and dogs, with which the old administrator filled his solitude.

Marceli did not have to be told what to do on the estate. He performed his duties instinctively, as other men breathe.

ISKRZYNSKI HAD FOR YEARS been a widower; his children had long ago left him, and scattered about the world. He felt really lonely only after Marceli had come to live beside him: Marceli's bereavement reminded him of his own isolation. But rather than feel sorry for himself, he felt sorry for Marceli, without realizing that his attitude had become paternal.

People began to whisper that Marceli was Iskrzynski's illegitimate son, and at the same time everyone realized the improbability of such a rumor: Marceli's mother was reputed for her virtue and great strength of character. Everyone remembered how, during the First World War, while her husband was at the front, she beat up an Austrian lieutenant who tried to make love to her, locked him up in her neighbor's sty with the pigs, and took his sword to his colonel; everyone remembered how she marched across the market square with the sword in her hand.

Neither Iskrzynski nor Marceli attempted to fight this gossip: it was preferable that the occupation authorities and local Jew-haters consider Marceli a half-Jew and Iskrzynski, former major of the Austrian army, his father. Moreover, Iskrzynski derived some pleasure from the rumor—for many years he had been in love with Marceli's mother. Marceli suspected that the rumor had been deliberately started by Oleksa Dusen, a neighbor who later, at the risk of his own life, helped him.

Marceli was the only "legal" Jew in our county. There were several other Jews, but they were in hiding, and Marceli did not know where, nor did he try to find out—if they needed him, they would find him through the people who helped

them. Marceli himself, though his status was legal, avoided the town and open roads; in any case, he never went there on foot. In the town or on the open road he never dismounted from his horse, as though his horse insured his safety.

The world in which he had grown up, and which he had never before left for more than a few days, now appeared alien to him precisely because it had not changed outwardly. And because this world was alien to him, he became a stranger to himself, as though he lived outside himself. He had not redeemed his life by fighting for it, hence it did not belong to him; it had been entrusted to him, and he clung to it as stubbornly as the enemy tried to wrest it from him. His inner split, his self-estrangement, made him less flexible, but more stubborn.

However, he had moments when he was himself—when his work required not only concentration but also initiative and intelligence. Then occasionally he was invaded by the severed past, and through it he reached himself for a moment. When he was cut off from his past, he was cut off from himself. Only through the past could he reach his own life, and reality. Those returns were painful, as though each time he gave birth to himself all over again—the silent labor pains of an animal. And because this was birth, he perceived distant signals of joy and hope. The past thus gave birth to the future.

Not only to himself was he a stranger: the whole population looked upon him as one. This was a way of not seeing him. (The Ukrainian newspaper in Lwow reported triumphantly that our town was "the first in the Western Ukraine to rid itself of its Jews.") Those who hated him did not want to see him—and they were few in number; those to whom his fate was indifferent did not want to see him—and these were many; those whose hearts were bleeding at the thought of him did not want to see him either—and there were few of them also.

Because of the attitude of his friends

and acquaintances his sense of self-estrangement deepened. Eventually he was regarded as a supernatural phenomenon—with disbelief by the Jew-haters, with amazement by the unconcerned, with religious reverence by friends. The latter revered in Marcelli the whole martyred Jewish population, which they retrospectively endowed with all his virtues. Occasionally an old woman passed without looking at him, bending her head and crossing herself.

He was sunburned, an image of health, but the very fact that he was alive threw the local hooligans into a state of anxiety. None of them believed in God, but some believed in the devil, and in the case of Marcelli they suspected supernatural interference.

ONE DAY Slawko Tanuckyj, the local militiaman, a former schoolmate of Marcelli's, stopped him on the road. "Hide, Marcelli," he whispered. "I am supposed to escort you to Kalusz. We've received an order. Run. I'll shoot, but don't stop. . . ."

This was no ruse. Tanuckyj could have shot him on the spot; he needed no attempted escape as a pretext. Marcelli, who never dismounted from his horse on the road, galloped wordlessly across the fields to the estate. He left his horse in the stable, and hid in the nearby woods. For two days he sat on a tree without food, drink, or sleep. With his belt he tied one of his legs to a branch in order not to fall if sleep overcame him. He was perched on the tree waiting for the angel of salvation, hoping that someone in whom he could trust would pass by. On the third day he was discovered by the local militiamen and two agents specially sent from Kalusz by the so-called Cripó, or criminal police.

He was escorted to Kalusz, and placed at the Cripó headquarters in a cell with two other Jews from our town. One of them, Hahn, was a court official, and the other, Schubert, an attorney's secretary.

They did not say hello but merely, "You're alive," to each other, and that exhausted their conversation. They were afraid to talk, even in whispers.

Late in the afternoon the agent Karpinski, known for his bloodthirstiness, came to their cell and took Hahn and Schubert. An hour later he returned, handcuffed Marcelli, and led him out. They walked along an endless dark corridor, Marcelli first, Karpinski behind him; then through a rear door emerged on a large courtyard surrounded by a high wooden fence. Marcelli walked slowly, Karpinski kept pushing him, so that they were in continual physical contact. He was sure that Karpinski was leading him to his death, and that Hahn and Schubert were no longer alive. He could see dry blood stains on the courtyard pavement. Karpinski was pushing him in the direction of a wooden shed, around which the earth seemed rusty. Marcelli raised his eyes: summer was in full swing, the sky was veiled by a thick cobweb-like mist, the sun was setting. "So I'm seeing a sunset for the last time," he thought.

Karpinski was small, about the same size as Marcelli, and held a revolver.

"Could a single man kill me?" Marcelli thought, and cast a side glance at Karpinski who was almost leaning on him. "One man won't take my life."

He turned about in a flash, struck Karpinski in the head with his fist and handcuffs. Karpinski fell. Marcelli rushed forward, took a jump, grabbed the edge of the fence with his hands, and pulled himself up. At that moment shots resounded. Marcelli felt a scratch in the region of his chin and lower jaw, and a pinch in the back of his neck; but by then he was already on the other side, running toward the river, where a group of Jews were hiding in a barn behind the slaughterhouse. Blood was dripping from his mouth, he felt something hard on his tongue. "Must be a tooth," he thought, and spat out a bullet.

No one was pursuing him; apparently

Karpinski had managed to fire a few times, and then lost consciousness.

Marceli crossed the river on a footbridge, went around the slaughterhouse, and began to crawl deeper into the garden. When he reached the shed used by the Jews as their hiding place, they met him with angry cries: "How dare you, you've been dripping blood all the way, now the police will be led here by your track. You can't stay here, you must go, if the authorities find you, they'll shoot everyone for giving shelter to a guerrilla, while if you're not here, we only go to a camp. . . ."

Well, he thought, they are right, I must leave.

It was dark now. He hid in the bushes on the river bank, near the wall of the slaughterhouse. He did not know what on him was sweat and what was blood. He felt something hard in the back of his neck, and touched it with his fettered hands: it was a bullet. He pulled it out and flung it away; he heard a soft splash as it fell into the river. Then he felt a terrible pain in his lower jaw and lost consciousness, or perhaps fell asleep.

WHEN HE WOKE it was still dark, and he decided suddenly to walk home. For the first time since he had been left alone in the world, he realized fully that it was he, Marceli, who had survived—not that he had been left alive, but that he had preserved his life. His life was his own, like a fruit he had obtained from the earth through his labor. No longer a stranger to himself, he recovered his full strength.

He followed the river knowing that it would lead him home; he did not walk to the estate and Iskrzynski, but to his parents' house. Despite the loss of blood, he felt no exhaustion; the sharp pain that spread from the back of his neck to the rest of his body kept him in a state of continual excitation. This pain was not merely his strength, it was something like a proof of his identity, and a proof of his

identity with himself: I suffer, therefore I exist.

Only a strong man can suffer such pain. Occasionally, when exhaustion caught up with him, he felt relief, and then he was like a singing river. When the sky that had been motionless all this time began to move, announcing the approach of dawn, he turned into the woods, found a leafy hollow, lay down, and fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was performing extraordinary labors which made everybody rich while a choir of birds sang, Mar-ce-li, Mar-ce-li. When there was no work he died, and then a sharp pain brought him back to life. He lay in a cradle, his mother sat by him, singing, "What man has brought with him to earth, he must spend here, on earth. . . ." Then he left his cradle, and performed great labors, and the earth kept singing, Mar-ce-li, Mar-ce-li. . . .

He woke several times during the day, and fell asleep again. It was late at night when he resumed his walk along the river toward his home. When he reached it, he did not stop, but entered Oleksa Dusen's courtyard. The dog barked, recognized Marceli, whined, and fell silent. Marceli walked into the cowshed, climbed a ladder to the attic, lay on the straw, and fell asleep.

Suddenly he felt a great stillness in his sleep, and awoke. Over him stood Oleksa with a razor in his hand, and Oleksa's wife Hanuska stood beside him holding a black earthenware pot in one hand, and a glass with strong vodka in the other. There was a sharp smell of alcohol in the air.

Despite the unbearable pain in his jaw, Marceli burst out laughing. But the sound he made was not that of laughter, it was a gargling noise, as if he were rinsing his throat. His lips, tongue, and palate were swollen.

"Psht," said Hanuska.

"I'll remove the bullet from your jaw," Dusen whispered. He opened his razor, dipped it in the glass of vodka, and bent

over Marcelli. Marcelli clenched his lips and did not even groan when Dusen made an incision and removed the bullet. Then Hanuska washed his jaw, his neck, and his palate with water and spirits. He also saw her prepare a bandage of leaves and linen rags, then lost consciousness, and felt nothing when the Dusens removed his handcuffs.

FOR MANY DAYS he lay there feverish, often unconscious. The Dusens nursed him. They could use only homemade remedies, and never left him alone, fearing that his fever might make him scream, and that someone might hear him.

He had never doubted that the Dusens would help him, even though Oleksa associated with Ukrainians belonging to anti-Semitic groups. Marcelli relied on the many-year-old friendship between his family and Dusen's.

He remained exhausted for about a week after his fever left, and when he recovered some of his strength, Oleksa told him that he had an excellent hiding place. At the same time he informed him that he had been sheltering Celinka, and that his wife had then taken her to the mountains, to her sister, where Celinka no longer had anything to fear for no one knew her there, nor would suspect her of being anything but a Ukrainian. (Celinka's father had been tied by militiamen with barbed wire; they had crowned him with it too, and thrown him from a bridge into the Dniester; under the bridge the water had turned red. The pikes began to eat him while he was still alive. "For God's sake, he is no Jew," an old woman kept crying while the militiamen tortured him. "He is a peasant like all of us. And they're crowning him with thorns!" Celinka's father had been the best swimmer at Siwka, and during the annual floods of the Dniester he had always directed the rescue operations.)

One night Oleksa drove Marcelli to Petro, who lived in an isolated hut at the edge of the woods, on a hill covered with

bushes, and full of clayey trenches; that hill had always been used as a horse graveyard, and the hut belonged to no one. From the hill one could view a long strip of the highway and all the roads and paths in the fields, but from below the hut was invisible for it merged with the thick woods that bordered a long series of villages.

Petro, a lumberjack, about forty, was alone in the world like all the hut's previous occupants; none having anyone left behind nor anyone to look forward to. He belonged to no one, like the hut in which he lived.

Oleksa provided Marcelli and Petro with potatoes, flour, groats, beans, drawn butter, oil, kerosene, salt, and matches. Marcelli had two hiding places in the woods, one underground, another above—a well camouflaged lair, and a nest on a tree.

"For two years I sat on a tree and didn't give a damn about the world," Marcelli said, laughing.

Petro never left his hut for long, and each time he left he returned with a bird or a rabbit, and then they had a feast. He entertained Marcelli with long stories about animals, about how they lived in the woods and the fields, how resourceful and intelligent they were, and how the weakest little animal managed to defend itself against the strongest enemy. He told stories about himself, his childhood and boyhood, about all he had suffered and borne. Marcelli listened as if he were studying something—probably as I now listened to Marcelli.

"I lived like a stupid little animal," he said, "as if I had entirely entrusted myself to the earth. And the earth did not deceive me."

Time flowed quietly and monotonously with Petro, and this monotony restored Marcelli's sense of permanence and security: it was like a sad cradle song. He was now so much himself that more and more often he would merge with his environment, being less haunted by the

painful awareness of existing. Eventually he began to feel in Petro's hut as in his parents' home, except that instead of living in the bosom of his family, he lived in the bosom of the earth. Occasionally, late at night, Oleksa would visit them, bringing some food, and spending an hour or two, talking; it seemed as if he came there to get some rest.

One night a schoolmate of Marcelli's, Henryk Synkowski, son of a distiller from Dolpotow, came to see him, bringing a jar of vodka. Petro had just caught—as usual without the help of firearms—a rabbit and two partridges. They drank and ate, and then sang Ukrainian and Polish songs.

Synkowski reported to them that many peasants knew about Marcelli's hiding place, but that they would not harm him; the local murderers were no longer thirsty for blood, he said, they had had too much of it. Moreover, people had apparently ceased to believe that the Germans would win the war. In the course of one of his night visits, Synkowski said that a guerrilla army had made its way through the German lines coming from the Russian Ukraine, passed through the Dolpotow forest, and was marching on the Transcarpathian Ukraine across the mountains. Synkowski, a Ukrainized Pole whose family had lived on Ukrainian land for centuries, said that those guerrillas comprised not only Ukrainians, but also Poles, and even Jews. Henryk Synkowski communicated his excitement at the news to Marcelli, and through the latter to Petro. That night, when Henryk returned home, the two men walked with him part way, and for the first time Marcelli left his hiding place so far behind that Petro had to warn him by a silent gesture. From that time on Marcelli ranged ever more widely in his solitary expeditions, which he began to make after realizing that his hiding place was known. Without a clearly defined purpose, he would roam a little, like a puppy exploring the world by itself. He finally realized that it was people he sought, the herd.

Petro, too, disappeared more often from his hut, and Marcelli knew that he too, who had been a recluse since childhood, had suddenly begun to yearn for the herd. Perhaps Petro, precisely because he was a recluse, had felt before Marcelli did how much the individual had declined in strength in those bloodthirsty days. It is easier for a man to be alone, when the social bond—not coercion—is strong. Persuaded by Petro, Marcelli occasionally slipped into a friendly house. Those who welcomed him were deeply moved, their emotion being one of sadness, and he was always given, as a farewell gift, a bag of food, as though a sacrifice for the dead.

ONE NIGHT SIMON appeared in Petro's hut; then came little Sabinka, and finally Dolko, Simon's son. Simon had escaped from a concentration camp and reached his native village, from which Synkowski brought him to Petro's hut. A peasant found Sabinka in the woods and brought her to Oleksa Dusen, who drove her to Marcelli. Dolko was brought by Petro.

Simon was about fifty years old. From his childhood on he had been known for his bravery, agility, shrewdness, and strength. He was the terror of all the toughs. The village youth worshipped him because he had subdued the local bullies, and the older men respected him because of his excellence as a farmer.

In his native village he had been a dairyman like his grandfather Joseph and his father Abramko, whom the Germans had hanged immediately after they entered the village. Within a radius of several miles he knew every inch of ground, every tree, every blade of grass; he could reputedly recognize a tree from his region even after it had been reduced to boards. He had become so much a part of his neighborhood that he could hear with his eyes and see with his ears; in other words, he could see what no one else saw, and hear what no one else heard.

When Simon found himself in Petro's

hut he decided that he must first accumulate large amounts of food, preserve them properly, and store them in the largest possible number of places. Food had to be conquered, one must not depend on charity. To conquer it meant to steal it. Simon stole at night, though occasionally it was preferable to steal in the daytime. This was intricate work, and Simon was the master. Marcelli merely kept watch and carried loads; he was, so to speak, Simon's dog and beast of burden.

Simon stole only from farmers who voluntarily collaborated with the Germans; he imposed a tax on them, as it were. He usually left a note saying "Petlura was here" in the houses he visited, but sometimes he emptied his bowels in the middle of the best room. His victims did not report him to the authorities, fearing that Simon would set their houses on fire. They were convinced that he was at the head of a powerful gang. At all events, Simon was a Jew, and since he was so bold, it meant that he had power behind him, and that the Germans would lose in the end.

SIMON BEGAN TO LIVE with Sabinka because she was a female: in his group he stood guard over life, and he could not have behaved otherwise. Since she was his only female, and shared his board and bed, he looked upon her as his wife. On the other hand, as a result of his constant contact with her tiny, childlike body, he developed a paternal attitude toward her, and began to take care of her as if she were a frail child of his.

Sabinka was barely fifteen, and she looked ten. Her mother had been deported to a concentration camp, and her father had been killed by the agent Karpinski, who had formerly been his subordinate in the mortgage office. She lived in a perpetual state of bewilderment and found her physical intercourse with Simon neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but she had full confidence in whatever Simon did with her because in her eyes he stood

for life, he was a life-giving source, a master of life. Sabinka would have yielded unresisting to any of the men in the hut, but she would have considered it rape, part of the martyrdom to which she had been doomed.

Dolko did not mind that Sabinka had taken the place of his mother who had remained in the concentration camp; this was normal. He also agreed with Marcelli and Petro that since a woman had happened to be with them, she belonged to his father. He resented the fact that Sabinka had taken his place while he was with his father. He was too young to look upon the tiny, childlike Sabinka as a woman, but some day, out of resentment, he might have vengefully raped her. That is why, when Dolko found another hiding place with the Tomaszowce farmer, his father was relieved.

"It's too bad about my son," he said, smiling gently. "He thinks he's better than I am, because he's the son of Simon Petlura, while I am merely the son of Abramko."

Petro and Marcelli looked upon Sabinka as Simon's wife. Since there was a master, there must also be a mistress. Everyone needed a mistress, only Simon needed a woman. "It's the devil who keeps the old stove going," was what Marcelli thought about it.

Petro had always been alone in the world, he even had no ancestors, and all he wanted was that out of the union of Simon and Sabinka a child might be born in his hut. It never occurred to him that a child could be the product of a union between himself and a woman.

Simon was very discreet in his relations with Sabinka: he protected human dignity. All his life he had dealt with animals, and he never forgot that animals were one thing, and people another.

After the Germans fled, and the Soviet army entered, he immediately took Sabinka to Oleksa Dusen and left her with him. In this way, he thought, Marcelli, after returning to his farm, would

be near Sabinka and eventually marry her. That was the decision taken by Simon who would have married her himself if he had been young; and since Marcelli was "the young Simon," Sabinka, he thought, should be his wife.

Marcelli brought Dolko from the nearby village where he had been hiding, and then returned to his farm, and Simon and Dolko to theirs.

Marcelli agreed with Simon's suggestion that he marry Sabinka, but Sabinka displayed no inclination for Marcelli, she wanted to be with Simon who needed her now. After the Germans fled, Simon experienced complete exhaustion, as though all his strength had suddenly left him: he was an old man, and Sabinka noticed this. He now had no more strength than Sabinka had had in Petro's hut. She needed no husband, she needed parents, and Simon was her old father, her old mother, for whom she, their surviving daughter, had to care.

For some time all of them waited—perhaps some of their relatives were alive and would turn up. Unfortunately, very soon after they emerged from their hiding places, they had to hide again, for once again they lived under the daily threat of death. The woods were infested with gangs of Ukrainians, former Nazi collaborators, who murdered Jewish and Polish survivors, and sometimes even Ukrainians. One night they carried Synkowski and Petro to the cemetery and crucified them there. Simon, Marcelli, Dolko, and Sabinka now spent the nights at the post of the Soviet military police: this was the only safe place. After some time they realized that there was no room for them in their own village, their enemies being stronger than their friends, and they set out westward. For about two years, with other refugees from their town, they lived in the western provinces, and then they moved westward once more and found themselves in Germany, where the monster had been born. Concentrating in one place, the people of our town began

to treat Simon Petlura as their leader, having learned of his exploits under Nazi occupation. But Simon, who had become weak after the flight of the Germans, never recovered his strength, and his spirits never rose again. He had not only aged prematurely, he was a broken man.

He continually pointed to Marcelli as the foremost of our fellow countrymen; he said it was because of Marcelli that he and Dolko and Sabinka had survived. Finally Marcelli was treated as the leader, and Marcelli, before he knew what was happening, actually became the leader.

Simon urged Sabinka to leave him and marry Marcelli. But Sabinka, still tiny, thin, and seeming like a ten-year-old, invariably answered, crying: "Grandpa, I'll die without you."

On learning that Celinka, who was the same age as Sabinka, was somewhere in Germany, Simon found her and married her to Marcelli, and arranged a grand wedding party. That was his last manifestation of energy. All his comrades waited for American visas, but all he wished was to go to the Holy Land, to rest his "old bones" there. Each time he spoke of this, Sabinka's eyes shone—she had recently become an ardent Baptist.

WHILE I WAS with Marcelli it often seemed that the earth on which Marcelli had survived, the earth on which I was born and grew up, was healing me—it spoke to me like a mother, through the intermediary of Marcelli. Eventually I began to ascribe healing properties to the earth that Marcelli now worked, and where he had harnessed me to work: I was being healed by the earth in the State of New Jersey, near New York.

"There is no alien earth," Marcelli said, "just as there is no alien baby. If you are kind to any baby, it will stretch its arms out to you, and cuddle as if it were your own. A man who considers another's child a stranger will regard his own as one. The same goes for the earth—mine, yours—the earth you work is your own."

At the end of my visit I was convinced that Marcelli's restless dreams of earth resembled his wartime scars, and I thought the same of his strange pronouncements on the subject. This was his way of saying, in a mystical way, that he owed his survival to his bonds with the earth. For how else could he account for it? After all, many of his fellow townsmen, resourceful, shrewd, educated, people who were his superiors, had died like flies, while he had survived.

Before I left, Marcelli told me a detail which he had omitted, I don't know why—and this detail made everything clear to me.

During his flight from the Nazi policeman, shortly before dawn, when the previously motionless sky had begun to stir, Marcelli suddenly noticed that the earth was moving: a strip of dug-up earth beside him moved as if it were alive. The day before, thousands of Jews had been killed on that place, and apparently some were still alive. There was complete silence, and in this silence only the earth moved. Marcelli walked into the woods in order to hide before sunrise, he kept walking and staring at that living earth. And it was while staring at this living earth, that he decided he must live, since the buried were rising from it.

When he related this incident, I, too, decided that I must live, and on leaving I was certain that the earth had cured my depression—an earth that moved as though it were alive.

But who can tell what Marcelli had really seen, since all night he had been fleeing death with three bleeding wounds and a bullet in his jaw? On the other hand, how could anyone merely dream such a thing?

SOON AFTER RETURNING to New York from the country I met a man whose entire family had been murdered by the Nazis. He himself, throughout his confinement in a concentration camp, until

the Allies entered, had buried the dead: day after day, for nearly two years, he stood on a pile of corpses and threw them into a ditch. An agronomist by profession, he had, before the war, worked in France at a government experimental station. He had come to New York with his second wife and their two-year-old son.

"There will be another war," he said to me. "Don't you think so?"

"I hope you're wrong," I answered.

"And I hope I am right. Let this world end once and for all."

I did not answer. He was silent for a long moment, as though embarrassed, and then asked me: "When did you come to America?"

"In 1939, shortly before the war."

"Ah, then you won't understand. . . . You know, I could have sworn that you lived under the Nazis. You have that look. . . ."

In the spring, when I visited Marcelli again, I told him of my encounter.

"There are people like that, too," he said, smiling.

"Tell me something, Marcelli," I said, "do you still make pronouncements about the earth?"

He stared at me as though unable to understand.

"Well, you know. You used to say that the earth was alive, that all strength came from the earth, that the earth was our mother. . . ."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't recall." He laughed.

"Celinka," I said to his wife, "does he still cry in his sleep, 'The earth is alive, alive?'"

"The earth is alive? The earth is alive?" she repeated as though trying to remember something.

She rose from her chair, and then I noticed that she was pregnant. For a moment she stood before me, erect, broadly smiling, then she took the empty tray from the table, went to the kitchen, and returned with a new load of pancakes.

THE ORDEAL OF SIR LEWIS NAMIER: THE MAN, THE HISTORIAN, THE JEW

I WAS PRIVILEGED to know the great historian Sir Lewis Namier, and to enjoy his friendship for some twelve years before he died in 1960. The more I got to know this strange combination of scholar and man, of English gentleman and East European Jew, the deeper grew my admiration—which was characterized by awe, fear, and occasionally irony. There was the historian of phenomenal erudition, whose knowledge of various cultures and languages, and whose mastery of several disciplines, led Sir Ernest Barker to compare him to Lord Acton. Further, there was the pioneer and founder of a school of historical scholarship who earned that rarest of distinctions—having an “ism” affixed to his name in his own lifetime. There was also the man of culture and imagination whose words—spoken or written—were charged with the meaning achieved by individual observation and richness of expression. But above all, there was Namier himself.

If he was a monumental figure, there was also something infantile about him. His fondness for the saying of a philosopher, a deceased colleague, that the idea that man ever grows up is a childish notion, often made me gaze at him inquir-

ingly. He was a tall man, sparely but powerfully built, and he talked as if it was natural for him to make himself heard and for others to listen. His egocentrism, which was proverbial, came partly from the familiar self-absorption of the artist who innocently rides roughshod over the feelings of those around him, and partly from deep-seated problems that robbed him of flexibility and real assurance. He had a strong sense of mission, and yet was pathetically in need of approval. But praise, in turn, would again give him pain—the embarrassed pain of the perfectionist who feels he is unworthy and lives under false pretenses. Any stimulus, friendly or adverse, could evoke an exaggerated response in the man, and throw him off balance. Thus his affection and warmth would almost submerge those whom he liked, but he was capable of the most implacable, indeed paranoid hatred.

But beyond the meaning of Namier's behavior, there was the deeper meaning of his character, one that was reflected in his work as it was in his life. In the Introduction to his second major work, *England in the Age of the American Revolution* (1930), there is a revealing passage on the role of landed property in the growth of English liberty. After a rhapsodic reflection on the social significance of the stately homes of England throughout the ages, Namier concludes as follows:

The relations of groups of men to plots of land, of organized communities to units of territory, form the basic content of po-

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litical history; social stratifications and convulsions, primarily arising from the relationship of men to land, make the greater, not always fully conscious, part of the domestic history of nations—and even under urban and industrial conditions ownership of land counts for more than is usually supposed. To every man, as to Brutus, the native land is his life-giving Mother, and the State raised upon the land is his law-giving Father, and the days cannot be long of a nation which fails to honor either. . . . There is some well-nigh mystical power in the ownership of spaces—for it is not the command of resources alone which makes the strength of the landowner, but that he has a place in the world which he can call his own, from which he can ward off strangers, and in which he himself is rooted—the superiority of a tree to a log.

Then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the flow is interrupted by a powerful *cri de coeur*: “Only one nation has survived for two thousand years, though an orphan—my own people, the Jews. But then in the God-given Law we have enshrined the authority of a state, in the God-Promised Land the idea of a Mother-Country; through the centuries from Mount Sinai we have faced Eretz Israel, our Land. Take away either, and we cease to be a nation; let both live again, and we shall be ourselves once more.”

These two passages express Namier's two most deep-seated emotions—an agonized, envious love of historic England, and a tormented passion for Zion; or one may put it more abstractly—the outsider's need for roots and the wanderer's yearning for an anchor.

These passages were written in the 1930's—when a Central European Jew would curse Hitler by asking that God might make him a Polish Jew without a passport, and when almost every part of the world was considered as a possible refuge for Jews or as a possible site for a Jewish state, except the repeatedly promised Jewish National Home. However, Namier's reaction was not merely a tem-

porary response to the Jewish fate in the 1930's. The intense interplay between the need for roots and the yearning for an anchor was a constant that determined not only Namier's character as a man and his work as a historian but also gave a further dimension to the meaning of his life. There is a famous remark of Keats that the story of a man of any worth is a parable, and may thus serve as an allegory. Namier's “story” richly bears out this notion. Unique as his life was, it also can be seen to represent the lesson of the Jewish predicament in modern times, specifically of those talented and ambitious young Jews from Eastern Europe who tried to take by storm the new, alien places they had come to in the West, and who had to pay a heavy price in spiritual torment for their brilliant successes.

NAMIER'S FATE was to be always and everywhere an outsider, a resident alien rather than a full-fledged citizen and participant. His parents were landowners in Eastern Galicia, and their deepest aspiration was to enter the Polish Catholic nobility. They hid from the boy the fact of his Jewish origin. When at the age of nine he learned the secret, he experienced a shock whose effects he would continue to feel throughout his whole life. He was filled with bitterness against the parents who had deceived him, and his suppressed rebellion against them was full of potent implications for the future theoretician of conservatism and the poet who celebrated the glory of the traditions that are passed on from father to son. This sense of not belonging fully—neither to Judaism nor to Catholic Poland—was further intensified when he met with the refusal of his Polish friends to accept him, in spite of the burning Polish patriotism he felt at the time. It was, indeed, the experience of overhearing anti-Semitic sneers at his parents' desperate attempts to elbow their way into the Polish gentry that eventually made him a dedicated Zionist.

England was kind to him when he ar-

rived in London in 1908 after a spell of Vienna and Lausanne. He stayed for a while at the London School of Economics, attracted by the Fabianism of its faculty, even though the Fabian temper was so different from the romantic nationalistic socialism of Pilsudski's Polish Socialist party. He then went to Balliol College at Oxford. Balliol, in those days very fashionable, was the recruiting ground of British cabinets and diplomacy, and enjoyed the patronage of one of its most illustrious sons, the Liberal Prime Minister Herbert Asquith, later Lord Oxford. There, Namier (or Bernstein-Namierowski, as he then was) hobnobbed as an equal with young men who were to become famous, like T. E. Lawrence and Arnold J. Toynbee. Among his Jewish contemporaries at the College was Leonard Stein, future secretary of the World Zionist Organization and president of the Anglo-Jewish Association. (His lately published *History of the Balfour Declaration* is likely to remain the definitive study of that much-debated document which contains in a few lines the most controversial and vaguest promise of all time.) Another Jewish contemporary was Leonard Montefiore, of the famous Anglo-Jewish patrician family, a rather shy though witty man, almost cynically apologetic but at heart zealous in his work for non-Zionist Jewish causes.

Bernstein-Namierowski must have seemed an exotic and overbearing figure to the Fellows and undergraduates of the College. On one occasion, when they as yet hardly knew each other, Namier appeared at the door of Stein's rooms, and announced in his heavy accent: "I have come to discuss with you the Jewish question." Similarly in the course of a visit to the Montefiores' country home, young Namier sitting down one morning to breakfast announced that he intended to open a discussion of the problems of the Jews in Rumania. Upon which Mr. Claude Montefiore, the fastidious and wealthy scholar and theologian, editor of the Synoptic Gospels, abruptly barked out

at his guest: "Now, Bernstein, you will eat your egg, and there will be no discussion either of Rumanian Jews or any other subject." Dr. Toynbee remembers how Namier would regale him and those who would care to listen with the intricacies of the nationalities struggle in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. From the start he had to dominate others by acting as their teacher and mentor because he was incapable of feeling accepted simply as a member of whatever group he was in.

In 1914 Namier volunteered for the British Army. He served for a time in the Foreign Office Intelligence Service, and was brought to the Versailles Peace Conference to advise on the problems concerning the old Hapsburg Empire, Poland, and Eastern Europe generally. There is reason to believe that he played some part in the rejection of the Andrassy note—a last attempt to ward off the dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy through a separate peace with the Allied Powers. Although he was listened to on questions relating to the future of Poland, it is not true, as some Poles and above all the anti-Semitic Roman Dmowski claimed, that Namier initiated the Curzon Line scheme. It is true that he was against the inclusion of the territories inhabited by a Ukrainian and White Russian population into the new Poland: an arrangement which, while it flattered the Polish ambition to undo in part the 1772 partition, became an incubus upon the artificially inflated body of the new republic.*

THE YEARS following the First World War were exceedingly difficult in both his personal life and scholarly career. He did not turn at once to an academic career, but tried his luck in business, repre-

* Namier was later to play a certain diplomatic role in the Second World War, serving as a semi-official liaison officer between the British Foreign Office and one of the Allied governments in exile. Yet I have only recently been given proofs of the extent to which the British Foreign Office distrusted him in that role, even though it had no connection with Zionist or Jewish issues.

senting British firms in Vienna and then in the United States, without much success. (He needed the help of friends to complete his first book, which he wrote as a private scholar.) His first marriage turned out disastrously, and ended in divorce. These miseries were followed by years of solitude and study and were acutely unhappy ones.

One outlet he found was his Zionist activities, into which he threw himself with devotion. However, the leaders of the Zionist movement, and still more the delegates to the Zionist Congresses, viewed him with suspicion. He did not belong to any of the factions, his ways were strange. His pedantic insistence on the niceties of formulation and protocol, his close contacts with the English world, his lack of flexibility, and finally his unclear religious affiliations made him appear as an outsider to the ordinary Zionist from the Pale, someone to be appointed but never elected, a useful technician but not a representative. For a time he served as political secretary of the Zionist executive, but his deep wish—in which he had the support of Chaim Weizmann—to be elected member of the executive was never fulfilled. On one occasion two renowned Zionist leaders pulled him up sharply by reminding him that he was no more than a secretary and should know his place.

It was as a volunteer backroom boy in the kitchen of history that Namier made his contribution to the Zionist cause. He and Mrs. Blanche Dugdale, the niece of Arthur Balfour, were the chief draftsmen of the Jewish Agency. The infinite pains Namier would take to eliminate a superfluous word or to dig up the most telling and most idiomatic adjective became a legend, and a source of much mirth. However, Namier also played a considerable role as go-between in obtaining the Ramsay MacDonald Letter, which in fact cancelled the Passfield White Paper of 1930. Thanks to his friendship with Professor Copeland, the author of the famous 1937 Report of the Peel Commis-

sion (the first official British document to bring up the idea of a Jewish state in a partitioned Palestine), Namier was able to exercise a direct impact on matters of high importance.

For a time he served as deputy to Weizmann on the Anglo-Jewish Committee for Refugees from Germany, and took part in the struggle against the anti-Zionist notables (or "barons" as they were sometimes called) of Anglo-Jewry. On the eve of World War II, Namier returned to active Zionist work on a full-time basis. Criticizing Weizmann for his feebleness, he took a militant stand at the St. James Conference which resulted in the publication of the ill-fated White Paper of 1939. A British patriot, he nevertheless insisted on the need of a forceful and even threatening policy toward His Majesty's Government.

THE JEWISH WORLD and the Zionist masses knew little of Namier's work, and this lack of recognition weighed heavily upon the historian-diplomat. Apart from his devotion to the Jewish people, Namier relished political action, a trait not uncommon in historians. Theodor Mommsen, for example, could never forgive either himself or the German people for his not having become a statesman. It is a moot point whether scholars of this type take up historical research and teaching as a substitute for making history or remain in the academic field (with occasional forays into the world of politics) because they cannot overcome their inhibitions.

In any case, Namier's Zionism was of a special kind. It was above all a passionately sentimental reaction to the humiliations inflicted upon the Jewish people in the last generation. His essays of wrath and pride on the Jewish question are among the most moving of all Jewish writings. But for all its intensity, Namier's Zionism had little connection with Judaism. He knew no Hebrew literature, he hated the Jewish religion, especially the religious parties in Zionism. He kept aloof

from the ideological struggles between the various Zionist factions, although he had a definite predilection for the Labor leaders. Namier's Zionism was political, untouched by any cultural *Ahad-Ha'amism*. It was a romantic nationalism in the tradition of Mazzini and Pilsudski—the vision of a historic breakthrough conceived in messianic terms. He was too conditioned by the spirit of Polish patriotism to rule out military means for the achievement of Zionist ends. In later years—sophisticated as he was—he would proudly wave a newspaper which praised the Israeli infantry as the best in the world and which prophesied that the Israeli army would be in Damascus twenty-four hours after the start of hostilities, if another war were to break out.

One day while visiting with him I began to lament the lost glories of the Mount Scopus landscape, to which he remarked that he had never set foot on the former campus of the Hebrew University. I expressed astonishment that he had never found time in the course of his numerous trips to Jerusalem to visit Mount Scopus before the road to it had fallen into Arab hands. "I would not shake hands with traitors," he said. "Traitors?" I murmured with raised eyebrows. "Well, Magnes," came the reply.

ONCE NAMIER was asked by a friend of his youth, a Gentile Polish historian, whether he would settle in Palestine after the Jewish state came into existence. "No," he answered, "I would not be able to feel at home there. Everything will be rough and ready, with no roots, with no organic cohesion, so provisional. No, I could not."

It was a typical remark. Lewis Namier was considered by many an incurable snob. Not only was he always seeking the company of the well-born, but he never tired of talking—both to those who were interested and those who were not—about his intimate contacts with dukes and lords, and about his week-ends in the great an-

cestral homes of England. With what delight Namier would roll off the names of all the members of this or that clan, the dates of their marriages across the centuries, the vicissitudes of one or another family estate. Yet to me, at least, none of this sounded like braggery—partly because of Namier's way of treating his own person and all that affected it as somehow of objective significance, and partly because of the deep romantic strain in the homage he paid to aristocracy. Other great Jews—among them Benjamin Disraeli and Ferdinand Lasalle—have displayed the same pathetic longing for ancient lineage. This is the way of some outsiders, who always sit on the edge of the chair, trying to experience a moment of communion with the "unbought grace" of the deeply rooted and the self-assured, those who have never known the need to present credentials.

Namier was much less eager for friendship with those famous for their intellect than he was for intimacy with men and women whose names could be found in Burke's Peerage. With them he met on a plane where the question of competition did not arise. In their eyes, he was a kind of glorified jester whom they genuinely admired and liked, and they appeared to his imagination—as they had to Disraeli's—as living symbols. Not that such exceptionally shrewd and penetrating men as Namier and Disraeli were unable to see through this duke or that marquis and realize that he was after all a dullard. In their heart of hearts both men, capable of exquisite irony, would even mock their own passion as climbers. But in every aristocrat they saw the values which he was supposed to represent in all their splendor—the idea of nobility and chivalry, the chain of generations. Furthermore as outsiders weighed down by the sense of squalor attendant upon the struggle for recognition, these two Jews of genius and heart yearned for a loftier reality above and beyond their concrete circumstances. No wonder that Namier

and Disraeli became the greatest poets of the glory of British aristocracy after Edmund Burke, who indeed belonged to it as little as they.

NAMIER'S HISTORICAL research may be classified under four headings: the social-political structure of England in the 18th century, the 1848 Revolutions, the twilight of the Hapsburg Monarchy, and the international crisis leading up to World War II. His writings under the first heading are concerned with the stability of a society with deep historic roots and an unshakable sense of continuity. Under the second heading, he explores the discrepancy between the ideological will to total revolution and those forces and habits which resist change and in the end prove their superiority. Under the third and fourth headings, he finds lessons in decline and fall. It may be said that all four inquiries are variations on one and the same theme: cohesion versus disintegration.

To this extent, Namier's work, like that of every great historian and true artist, was also a veiled spiritual pilgrimage and even a way of working out a personal predicament. But however strongly subjective the imprint may be, the work must nevertheless retain objective significance. Thus the first question to ask is what is objectively novel about Namier's contribution? What does "Namierism" stand for? The best answer is provided by Namier's masterpiece, *The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III*, which was published in 1929 when he was already past forty.*

In this book Namier broke away from the prevailing Whig interpretation of English history which presented the struggle between George III and the opposition as a stage in the perennial conflict between liberty and tyranny. According to that view the Court lacked the power in the

second part of the 18th century to challenge the authority of the Commons in open battle, and it therefore resorted to intrigue and corruption in an attempt to drain the parliamentary system of any real content. The results were not late in coming—the weakening of fiber lost Britain the American colonies. Namier decided to eschew any attempt at another panoramic view of the political scene, and resolutely ignored accepted categories such as ideology, party, general tendencies inherent in the march of history, or socio-economic determinism, which are so often merely a cloak for prejudice and the refuge of lazy or fuzzy minds. Instead he embarked upon a fabulously microscopic examination of the composition of the successive Houses of Commons under George III: where did the M.P.'s come from, what was their family background, into what families did they marry, what and how much did they own, what was their education, what schools had they attended, who were their friends, what prompted one or the other to take up politics and stand for Parliament, in what ways did each one get elected? Namier followed up this investigation with questions on the circumstances of the emergence and of the fall of governments, the process of crystallization of parties, groups, and factions, and other such matters. He even went so far as to consult graphologists about the handwriting of an obscure 18th-century squire, and he would discuss the utterances, the lapses, and the style of a Hanoverian politician with a psychoanalyst. This method of research came to be called the biographical method, and was adopted for the great collective *History of Parliament* which Whitehall and Westminster initiated and over which Namier was invited to preside.

The picture which emerged from Namier's examination of the 18th century was of a political system run by a network of powerful families, with the help of followers, or rather retainers, who were dependent on them. From this point of view the Court was only one of the great fami-

* A paperback edition of this work has recently been published in this country by St. Martin's Press—Ed.

lies, although the most important. Its ways and means of obtaining support were not appreciably different from those used by the territorial magnates, except, of course, that Royal patronage exceeded in scope any rewards that even the richest aristocrat could offer. On the other hand, the King could claim with a good deal of justification that he, if anyone, embodied the national interest, while the noble clans represented only their own self-interest.

On the face of it Namier may seem to arrive at a rather cynical conclusion: the governance of a selfish oligarchy without any idealistic aspirations. But that was not what Namier meant to convey. What was to him most important was that the tradition of political independence, of a direct and active share in local and national government which the nobility and gentry succeeded in preserving for centuries, became a model to all classes of the nation. English liberty, then, was not the result of an uprising against existing institutions, but the concomitant of the assurance and stability which removes all fear of arbitrariness on the part of government or individuals. The monopoly of the ruling classes was not destroyed in one blow but rather the privileges and powers of the aristocracy were gradually extended to all. Class after class, as it were, won its spurs. Further, in England, immunities, privileges, liberties, and political rights were rooted originally in the ownership of land. They constituted one of the ingredients—alongside others—of the family patrimony, as inviolably the hereditary possession of the landowner as the chattel or the house or the land itself, and thus they were not something conceded by the legislator that could also be withdrawn. They were property pure and simple. Hence their strength and permanence.

Namier has one further reason for viewing the land as the matrix of liberty. For him, it is the focus of integrated ways and habits which make the man who lives by them feel self-assured and firmly fixed. Otherwise, outside the organic web of cus-

tom, man is a lonely and weak creature, hesitant, swayed by many conflicting influences, and a prey to tyranny.

From these premises Namier reached a somewhat disconcerting conclusion for an orthodox Zionist. He condemned the nationalist movements inspired by the idea of the unity of language and race—that is to say, those movements which rested on a personal instead of a territorial basis. Too conscious of the English example—which has hardly any relevance to conditions on the European continent, especially Central and Eastern Europe—Namier attacked linguistic nationalism as a pernicious solvent which destroyed the social-political cohesion that had crystallized in the dynastic empires over the course of centuries. Societies were turned into hordes, clusters of groups into human dust. Since it was impossible to separate the interlocked races who made up the mixed population of these empires, the national conflicts which began to break out in Central and Eastern Europe around 1848 assumed the character of racial wars being fought to the death. In that atmosphere, charged with hatred and warlike postures, the tender plant of liberalism could take no root. And the drama came to an end in the Second World War in race massacre, mass expulsion, and, at the very least, in the transfer of millions of people from one country to another.

THE CRY “away from Namier and Namierism” was raised two or three years before the historian’s death. Critics began to point out the weaknesses of Namier’s method. One-sided, certainly, was his concentration upon political history, in spite of his strong awareness that politics is a function of social realities. Namier was not interested in economic transformations or social structure or class struggle in themselves. His concern was with how politics are made. In this respect the corrective offered by him remains important: a country is run not by the masses or classes or great individual leaders, but by

closely interlocked groups of men. Namier set out to portray through the biographies of individuals a group mind and a political style.

The most telling objection against Namier was that he took the mind out of history, that by dwelling too much on how and by whom intrigue is consciously or unwittingly cooked up, he forgot the existence of great causes that stir men's minds and hearts, and of leaders who are able to inspire and, when endowed with vision, to impose a pattern on generations. There is some substance in that criticism, but it seems to me that one issue is wrongly put. In a certain sense Namier was in fact obsessed by the question of the role of ideas in history to the point of its having a tragic meaning to him. He was haunted by the mysterious discrepancy between conscious ideas and unconscious urges in the hearts of men and masses, between the image we have of things and what things really are. Far from denying the potency of political and social ideologies, he was frightened by their power to disturb, and he was inclined to regard them as the neurotic symptoms of a society, as traumatic visitations. Experiences of early childhood dominate men for all their lives like demons: instead of adapting themselves to a given concrete situation, men cannot help going again and again through the motions which had been summoned up by that earlier fateful situation. The French people could not shake off the trauma of the French Revolution for over a hundred years. Although objective conditions would have frustrated any attempt to restore feudalism even in its mildest form, the left never ceased to dread the restoration of the *ancien regime*. And although the revolutionary volcano of 1793 had been extinct for a long while, the right saw in every insignificant riot the specter of the Red Terror coming back, and out of this mortal fear came the bloody massacres of 1848 and 1871.

Namier sums up his viewpoint as follows: "Human society is not an organism

capable of unconscious growth; at every stage thought and theory intervene, more often impeding than promoting readjustments imposed by circumstances and achieved in practice . . . a neurotic, according to Freud, is a man dominated by unconscious memories, fixated on the past, and incapable of overcoming it: the regular condition of human communities. Yet the dead festering past cannot be eliminated by violent action any more than an obsession can be cured by beating the patient. History has therein a 'psychoanalytic' function; and it further resembles psychoanalysis in being better able to diagnose than to cure."

How else is one to explain the attacks of collective madness that sweep a nation—for instance, the "Great Fear" that swept France in 1789, to which Namier liked to refer; or the strange vacillations of popular sentiment toward heroes and creeds—if not by psychological projections or displacements, and the externalization of unresolved inner conflicts? The organic cohesion of historic continuity is the most constructive factor, whereas ideas act as solvents or as paralyzing forces, and any attempt to transform "the way of life of a nation, its *moeurs*, by an act of will or an edict . . . [is] . . . expressive of intellectual hubris. . . ." For Namier, the ideologue lacked the saving wisdom of self-knowledge; he was duplicitous and dangerous: "self-deception concerning the origin and character of his seemingly intellectual tenets enables him to deceive others; the intensity of the hidden passion sharpens his mental faculties and may even create the appearances of cold, clear-sighted objectivity."

IN NAMIER'S later years, of course, a traumatic memory of Nazism and Bolshevism was always at the back of his mind, but there was also the suspicion that recourse to ideas is an expression of some neurotic choice. He believed in "instincts and modes of thinking much deeper and much more cogent than any conscious

reasoning." Characteristically Namier concluded his essay on "Human Nature in Politics" (a review of a new edition of Graham Wallas's famous book of the same title) with an aside against those who since the end of World War II have been complaining of a "tired lull" and the "absence . . . of argument on general politics." To him this absence "seemed to betoken a greater national maturity," and he could "only wish that it [might] long continue undisturbed by the workings of political philosophy." The best state of affairs is characterized by a situation in which "practical solutions are sought for concrete problems, while programmes and ideals are forgotten by both parties."

If all attempts at consciously directing the flow of events are doomed to frustration and impotence, are we to conclude that history is propelled by predetermined and uncontrollable forces? In one place Namier gives a blood-curdling answer to this question. "Those who are out to apportion guilt in history . . . judge the collisions of planets by the rules of the street traffic, make history into something like a column of motoring accidents, and discuss it in the atmosphere of a police court. But whatever theories of 'free will' theologians and philosophers may develop with regard to the individual, there is no free will in the thinking and actions of the masses, any more than in the revolutions of the planets, in the migration of birds, and in the plunging of hordes of lemmings into the sea."

NAMIER'S ACHIEVEMENT and reputation as a historian did not win for him the regard he most desired, and his academic career was marked by much the same frustration and disappointment that attended his work as a Zionist. After the publication of *England in the Age of the American Revolution*, he was given the chair of Modern History at Manchester University, which he held from 1931 to 1953. He never grew attached to Manchester; his heart was set on returning to

Oxford, which he loved in the spirit of Cardinal Newman or Matthew Arnold. However, Oxford continued to keep him out. When the Regius Professorship of Modern History fell vacant in the late 40's, there were rumors that Prime Minister Attlee did not appoint Namier because he would not have a scholar who was both a Zionist and a Tory. However, what is more likely is that Oxford, like Cambridge, though fond of eccentrics, is frightened of men who do not converse at ease but instead hold forth and grant audiences. Namier's manner was such that the faculty of Oxford could feel no more comfortable with him than could his Zionist colleagues.*

Yet in the end this lonely and neurotic man won his fight for acceptance, and some measure of peace and happiness came to reward his years of toil and torment. Namier was invited to give the Romanes Lecture, the highest of the honors that Oxford can bestow; and shortly after Harold Macmillan's election as Chancellor of the University, he awarded his old friend an honorary doctorate. Namier's second wife, the former Julia de Beausobre, brought joy into his life. A daughter of the Russian gentry and deeply committed to the Greek Orthodox Church, she had suffered in Soviet prisons and concentration camps; her first husband had been executed by the Soviets, and her only child had died in prison (an experience movingly described in her book, *The Woman Who Could Not Die*). To her Namier symbolized the people chosen by God for some mysterious call-

* There can be no question of discrimination in Namier's case, for in recent years Oxford has awarded some of its most important and sensitive chairs to Jews, a number of whom came to England in middle life: Sir Isaiah Berlin (Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory), Max Beloff (Gladstone Chair of Government), David Daube (Regius Professor of Civil Law), the late Sir Francis Simon (Physics), Sir Hans Krebs (Nobel Prize winner in Medicine), Herbert Fraenkel (Colonial Economics), Edgar Wind (Art), not to speak of A. E. Goodhardt, Master of New College.

ing, like the Russian people. It is possible that her influence accounts for Namier's having begun to believe—or having tried to persuade himself to believe—that Christianity was nothing but a kind of Jewish protestantism, and that Jews should forget all animosities toward Christians and become proud of their offspring. (Curiously, this was also Disraeli's conviction.)

It may well be that the most solemn moment in the closing phase of his life was Namier's address to the Modern History seminar at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, when he came for the last time to Israel in connection with a scheme for the publication of the Weizmann papers. It was one of those exhilarating spring days, before the khamsins from the desert have tarnished everything with that dusty brown color and when in a riot of Van Gogh sunshine every rock seems

to be bursting with flowers and every hill calls hosanna. The reception hall of the Sherman building was packed with teachers and students. Lewis Namier rose to his feet. His voice trembled and tears rolled down his cheeks as he began with the Hebrew "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem. . . ." It was not a lecture in the ordinary sense. Without a scrap of paper in his hand he gave us his testament as a scholar, recalling his early beginnings, his later successes and failures, issuing warnings, giving advice and encouragement to the young. The words were simple, but the things he said came straight from his deepest personal experience. One felt an intimation of the tremendous seriousness of the historian's quest, and one was touched for a moment by the majesty of life, when wisdom becomes indistinguishable from goodness and the same as beauty.

Love and Power

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

THE PROPOSITION that power and love are organically connected, growing as they do from the same root of loneliness, must appear to the modern mind paradoxical, if not outright absurd. For power as the domination of man by man, pleasurable to one and painful to the other, and love as the voluntary and pleasurable surrender of two human beings to each other, seem not only to have nothing in common but to be mutually exclusive. Where two human beings are in the relation of power, they cannot be, so it seems to the modern mind, in the relation of love. The inability of the modern mind to see this connection between love and power is the measure of its inability to understand the true dimensions of either love or power. As Paul Tillich put it in the introductory chapter to *Love, Power, and Justice*, "It is unusual to take the word 'confusion' into the title of a chapter. But if one has to write about love, power, and justice the unusual becomes natural."

The modern mind, both in its Marxist and non-Marxist expressions, sees in the power of man over man not an ineluctable outgrowth of human nature but only an ephemeral phenomenon, the product of a peculiar historic configuration, bound to disappear with the disappearance of that configuration. According to Marx, the lust for power and its political manifestations are a mere by-product of the class division of society. In the classless society, the domination of man by man will be replaced by the administration of things. In liberal thought, power politics is regarded as a kind of atavism, a residue from the less enlightened and civilized era of autocratic rule, which is destined to be superseded by the insti-

tutions and practices of liberal democracy.

While the modern mind denies the intrinsic relation between the lust for power and human nature, transcending all historic configurations, antedating them, as it were, and even determining them, it does not understand the nature of love at all. Love as the reunion of two souls and bodies which belong together or, in the Platonic mythology, once were united, is reduced in the modern understanding to sex and gregariousness, the togetherness of the sexes on dates, in marriage, and in other associations, tending to be of a more or less fleeting nature. What the modern understanding misses is the totality of the commitment that characterizes the pure phenomenon of love. It is aware only of surface phenomena which may or may not be manifestations of love, because it is unaware of that very element in man on which love is built: his soul. And it is unaware of that quality of human existence which is the root both of the lust for power and the longing for love: loneliness.

Of all creatures, only man is capable of loneliness because only he is in need of not being alone, without being able in the end to escape being alone. It is that striving to escape his loneliness which gives the impetus to both the lust for power and the longing for love, and it is the inability to escape that loneliness, either at all or for more than a moment, that creates the tension between longing and lack of achievement, which is the tragedy of both power and love. In that existential loneliness man's insufficiency manifests itself. He cannot fulfill himself, he cannot become what he is destined to be, by his own effort, in isolation from other beings. The awareness of that insufficiency drives him on in search of love and power. It drives

him on to seek the extension of his self in offspring—the work of his body; in the manufacture of material things—the work of his hands; in philosophy and scholarship—the work of his mind; in art and literature—the work of his imagination; in religion—the work of his pure longing toward transcendence.

Love and power both try to overcome loneliness, and the sense of man's insufficiency stemming from this loneliness, through duplication of his individuality. Through love, man seeks another human being like himself, the Platonic other half of his soul, to form a union which will make him whole. Through power, man seeks to impose his will upon another man, so that the will of the object of his power mirrors his own. What love seeks to discover in another man as a gift of nature, power must create through the artifice of psychological manipulation. Love is reunion through spontaneous mutuality, power seeks to create a union through unilateral imposition.

IT IS THE common quality of love and power that each contains an element of the other. Power points toward love as its fulfillment, as love starts from power and is always threatened with corruption by it. Power, in its ultimate consummation, is the same as love, albeit love is corrupted by an irreducible residue of power. Love, in its ultimate corruption, is the same as power, albeit power is redeemed by an irreducible residue of love.

Love is a psychological relationship which in its pure form is marked by complete and spontaneous mutuality. *A* surrenders himself to *B*, as *B* surrenders himself to *A*; and both do so spontaneously, in recognition of their belonging together. Both are lover and beloved; what *A* is, feels, and wants, *B* is, feels, and wants, too. Love is the most perfect union two human beings are capable of, without losing their respective individualities. Aristophanes has given in the *Symposium* the classic description of the nature of pure love:

And when one of them meets with his other half, the actual half of himself . . . the pair are lost in an amazement of love and friendship and intimacy, and one will not be out of the other's sight, as I may say, even for a moment: these are the

people who pass their whole lives together; yet they could not explain what they desire of one another. For the intense yearning which each of them has towards the other does not appear to be the desire of lover's intercourse, but of something else which the soul of either evidently desires and cannot tell, and of which she has only a dark and doubtful presentiment . . . this meeting and melting into one another, this becoming one instead of two, was the very expression of his ancient need. And the reason is that human nature was originally one and we were a whole, and the desire and pursuit of the whole is called love.

Love in its purest form is the rarest of experiences. It is given to few men to experience it at all, and those who experience it do so only in fleeting moments of exaltation. What makes love as commonly experienced fall short of its pure form is the element of power with which love begins in triumph and ends in defeat and which corrupts it throughout. Love typically begins with *A* trying to submit *B* to his will, that is, as a relationship of power, and frequently it does not progress beyond it. As Socrates puts it in the *Phaedrus*: "As wolves love lambs so lovers love their loves." And it is significant that Socrates, in his first speech in that dialogue, in parodying Lysias' conception of love, presents a picture of the love relation which is tantamount to what we would call a relationship of power.

What makes the lover behave like a master and the beloved like the object of the master's power, what makes, in other words, the love relationship similar to the power relationship is the inevitable frustration of love. For if love is a reunion of two human beings who belong together, that reunion can never be complete for any length of time. For, except in the *Liebestod*, which destroys the lovers by uniting them, it stops short of the complete merger of the individualities of the lovers. It is the paradox of love that it seeks the reunion of two individuals while leaving their individualities intact. *A* and *B* want to be one, yet they must want to preserve each other's individuality for the sake of their love for each other. So it is their very love that stands in the way of their love's consummation.

That inner contradiction the lovers endeavor to overcome by letting power do

what love is unable to do by itself. Power tries to break down the barrier of individuality which love, because it is love, must leave intact. Yet in the measure that power tries to do the work love cannot do, it puts love in jeopardy. An irreducible element of power is requisite to make a stable relationship of love, which without it would be nothing more than a succession of precarious exaltations. Thus without power love cannot persist; but through power it is corrupted and threatened with destruction. That destruction becomes actual when *A* and *B*, by trying to reduce each other to an object of their respective wills, transform the spontaneous mutuality of the love relationship into the unilateral imposition of the relationship of power.

THUS THE LUST for power is, as it were, the twin of despairing love. Power becomes a substitute for love. What man cannot achieve for any length of time through love he tries to achieve through power: to fulfill himself, to make himself whole by overcoming his loneliness, his isolation. As Shakespeare's Richard III puts it:

*And this word 'love,' which greybeards
call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone. . . .
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a
thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to
me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear
such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the
crown. . . .*

Yet of what love can at least approximate and in a fleeting moment actually achieve, power can only give the illusion.

Power is a psychological relationship in which one man controls certain actions of another man through the influence he exerts over the latter's will. That influence derives from three sources: the expectation of benefits, the fear of disadvantages, the respect or love for men or institutions. It may be exerted through orders, threats, promises, persuasion, the authority or charisma of a man or of an office, or a combination of any of these.

It is in the very nature of the power relationship that the position of the two actors within it is ambivalent. *A* seeks to exert power over *B*; *B* tries to resist that power and seeks to exert power over *A*, which *A* resists. Thus the actor on the political stage is always at the same time a prospective master over others and a prospective object of the power of others. While he seeks power over others, others seek power over him. Victory will fall to him who marshals the stronger weapons of influence with greater skill.

Yet a political victory won with the weapons of threats and promises is likely to be precarious; for the power relation thus established depends upon the continuing submissiveness of a recalcitrant will, generated and maintained by the master's continuing influence. The will of the subject reflects the will of the master but incompletely and tenuously as long as the will of the master is imposed upon the will of the subject from without and against the latter's resistance. How to overcome that resistance and make the will of the subject one with the will of the master is one of the crucial issues with which all political orders must come to terms. It is the issue of political stability. The political masters, actual and potential, and on all levels of social interaction from the family to the state, have sought to meet that issue by basing their power upon the spontaneous consent of the subject. If the subject can be made to duplicate spontaneously within himself the master's will so that what the master wills the subject wills, too, not through inducement from without but through spontaneous consent from within, then the will of the master and the will of the subject are one, and the power of the master is founded not upon the master's threats and promises but upon the subject's love for the master.

So it is not by accident that the political philosophies which emphasize the stability of power relationships, such as those of monarchies and autocracies, make a point of appealing to the love of the subject for the ruler. The philosophy and ritual of absolute monarchy, in particular, are full of references to the love of the subject for the monarch as the foundation of the monarch's power. That foundation has perhaps nowhere been more clearly revealed than in a

letter which John Durie, Scotch Presbyterian and worker for Protestant unity, wrote in 1632 to the British Ambassador, Thomas Roe, explaining the decline of the power of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, then fighting for the Protestant cause in Germany:

The increase of his authority is the ground of his abode; and love is the ground of his authority; it must be through love; for it cannot be through power; for his power is not in his own subjects but in strangers; not in his money, but in theirs; not in their good will, but in mere necessity as things stand now betwixt him and them; therefore if the necessity be not so urgent as it is; or if any other means be shown by God (who is able to do as much by another man as by him) to avoid this necessity; the money and the power and the assistance which it yieldeth unto him will fall from him and so his authority is lost, and his abode will be no longer: for the love which was at first is gone. . . .

In recent times, the continuous references to "our beloved leader" in the literature and ritual of Nazism and Stalinism point to the same relationship between ruler and subject—in the case of Nazism in good measure as an actual fact, however corrupted by power and hate; in the case of Stalinism as something to be desired but unattainable.

Obviously, this transformation of the unilateral imposition of the power relationship into the mutuality of love is in the political sphere, at least in its modern secular form, an ideal rather than an attainable goal. Thus the great political masters, the Alexanders and Napoleons, while painfully aware of the love that is beyond their reach, seek to compensate for the love they must miss with an ever greater accumulation of power. From the subjection of ever more men to their will, they seem to expect the achievement of that communion which the lack of love withholds from them. Yet the acquisition of power only begets the desire for more; for the more men the master holds bound to his will, the more he is aware of his loneliness. His success in terms of power only serves to illuminate his failure in terms of love.

There is then in the great political masters a demoniac and frantic striving for ever

more power—as there is in the misguided lovers, the Don Juans who mistake sex for love, a limitless and ever unsatiated compulsion toward more and more experiences of sex—which will be satisfied only when the last living man has been subjected to the master's will. "More! More!" in the words of William Blake, "is the cry of a mistaken soul; less than all cannot satisfy man." Thus the heights of the master's power signal the depths of his despair. For the world conqueror can subject all inhabitants of the earth to his will, but he cannot compel a single one to love him. The master of all men is also the loneliest of all men; for his loneliness, in spite of the totality of his power, proves that it cannot be cured by power. That fruitless search for love through power leads in the most passionate of the seekers of power from a despair, impotent in the fullness of power, to a hate, destructive of the objects of their successful power and frustrated love. Thus the Genghis Khans, Hitlers, and Stalins lash out with unreasoning fury at their subjects whom they can dominate but whose love they cannot command and, hence, whom they cannot afford to love.

Yet while the subjects may not love the master and the master may impose his will with bloody tyranny, there is even in the crudest of power relationships an irreducible element of love. What both master and subject seek is that union which remedies the awareness of insufficiency born of loneliness and which only love can give. But they have chosen the wrong track of power and are doomed to failure. Thus they—master and subject—must search forever and in vain for that other human being to whom they could say: I love you, to hear the reply: I love you, too.

THE POWER RELATIONSHIP is, then, in the last analysis, a frustrated relationship of love. Those who must use and suffer power would rather be united in love. Master and subject are at the bottom of their souls lovers who have gone astray. The hostility of their relationship carries a trace of that frustrated love which is at the root of a type of hate. Napoleon, in his conversations with de Las Cases on Saint Helena, and Hitler, in his harangues to his generals, have bemoaned their fate that in the fullness of

their power they could trust nobody and found nobody worthy of their love. Many of the powerful have throughout history sought the illusion of love in the promiscuous enjoyment of sex. Beneath that artificial community which power builds as a substitute for, and a spite to, love, there remains at least a glimmer of an aspiration which longs for that reunion only love can give. It manifests itself in the sometimes sudden emergence of charity, pity, and forgiveness in the relations between master and subject. Nowhere has that kinship of power and love been expressed with simpler profundity than in the two words which Homer makes Achilles speak when he is about to slay Lykaos: "Die, friend."

The loneliness of man is, then, impervious to both love and power. Power can only unite through the unilateral imposition of subjection, which leaves the master's isolation intact. Behold that master whom the wills of millions obey and who cannot find

a single soul with which to unite his own. Love can unite only in the fleeting moments when two souls and bodies merge in spontaneous mutuality. The lovers bear the dual burden of Adam and Eve and of Moses. They see the promised land in their longing's imagination and enter it only to be expelled from it. Behold the lovers who find in their embrace the illusion of complete union and in fleeting moments even its reality, only to awaken alone in the embrace of another lover.

Thus in the end, his wings seared, his heart-blood spent, his projects come to nought—despairing of power and thirsting for, and forsaken by, love—man peoples the heavens with gods and mothers and virgins and saints who love him and whom he can love and to whose power he can subject himself spontaneously because their power is the power of love. Yet whatever he expects of the other world, he must leave this world as he entered it: alone.

[HANS J. MORGENTHAU's column "Public Affairs" appears in COMMENTARY every other month. Previous pieces have dealt with a wide range of subjects, including the Berlin crisis, the changed meaning of death in the nuclear age, and President Kennedy's first year in office.]

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

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<i>A Conference on Judaica</i>	MILTON HIMMELFARB
<i>The Spirit of Isaac Rosenfeld</i>	THEODORE SOLOTAROFF
<i>Creativity and Secondary Education</i>	EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG
<i>Notes on the American Press</i>	BENJAMIN DE MOTT
<i>Further Selections from "My Father's Courtroom"</i>	ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

LETTERS FROM READERS

Eichmann, the Law & Logic

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Many thanks for Harold Rosenberg's intelligent, imaginative, and poignant article on the Eichmann Trial ["The Trial and Eichmann," November 1961].

It fully exemplifies Rosenberg's characteristic aptitude for clarifying the subtle relationships and discordancies between the requirements of drama and the requirements of the law court. Yet his skill at keen, ironic analysis is not practiced at the expense of feeling. For the nature of his engagement is never in question.

His statement strikes me as masterly. And it never once loses track of the justice in the "choric" outcry, however technical it becomes in its discussion of the rhetorical machinery involved in any such forensic presentation of a cause.

KENNETH BURKE

Andover, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have been an avid reader of much that has appeared in print on the Eichmann Trial—both in the English and the Yiddish press—but nothing compares in brilliance and originality with the piece by Harold Rosenberg. . . .

DAVID TABAK

Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . May I congratulate you on Harold Rosenberg's article on the Eichmann Trial; it is by far the best thing I have read on the subject.

G. F. HUDSON

St. Antony's College
Oxford, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Harold Rosenberg, in his most impassioned article, makes a statement that Nazi murder was based upon a principle separate from and far worse than anti-Semitism. . . . I feel that to argue thusly is to take a cue from the defense—which claimed that to have been a cog in a Nazi operation was separate and distinct from participating in

an anti-Semitic operation. A study and analysis of the Nazi methodology would, I think, reveal Nazism to have been anti-Semitism carried to its ultimate; namely, genocide.

With great insight Mr. Rosenberg states that all of the motives publicly espoused for the trial were "but a rationalistic disguise for a tragic retelling by multitudes—the terrible fate of their stricken relatives and ancestors." Although the above may not have been purposefully intended, the trial did stimulate an emotional catharsis for all of Judaism. . . . The trial thus poses a prophetic question to all Jews wherever they may be: "What must be your responsibility and consequent course of action to help insure that anti-Semitism can never again result in the holocaust at the death camps?"

ROY SEIDLER

Torrance, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Among many interesting ideas, Harold Rosenberg's "The Trial and Eichmann" supports one that is very popular and very misleading; the trial failed, by failing to show how anti-Semitism leads to concentration camps, how even "innocent dislike" of Jews can (or must) "implicate" "respectable" anti-Semites in the madness and criminality of others.

Suppose I dislike modern painters. Am I "implicated" if the Communists, who dislike them too, come to power and execute them? Is one who dislikes any group for whatever reason, justifiable or not, *ipso facto* guilty of conniving in, or tolerating, subsequent torture and destruction of its members? Is it impossible to dislike without murdering or favoring murder? I think it is as possible as it is to murder without disliking, as Eichmann asserted was his case (I would not consider it an extenuating circumstance).

Unconscious fantasies do not differentiate much between dislike and destruction, and between wish and act; personality and social controls interpose themselves between such feelings and acts, or even expressions. Equating dislike with "readiness for murder" confuses the intra-psycho with external realities.

The horrifying element in the Nazi case is that a dislike of many, and a sadistic fantasy of some, became a sadistic reality: Nazism (and, indeed, totalitarianism) is distinctive not because of dislike, or sadistic fantasies, but because society, instead of controlling them, carried them out.

We will not be able to eliminate dislikes or sadistic fantasies, but I think we should be able to prevent genocide, i.e. realizations. This is why the identification of dislikes with genocide, the accusation: all anti-Semites connived, by being anti-Semites, in the Nazi deeds, is, in my opinion, profoundly misleading.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

New York City

MR. ROSENBERG writes:

Speaking of dislike, I dislike people who insert themselves into a serious discussion through misquoting and distorting what has been said. I refer to Mr. van den Haag. Using my feeling to illustrate the issue of his letter, I have no intention of murdering van den Haag and do not even favor his murder—to this extent his argument is sound. Yet my dislike would make it more difficult for me to react against those who might attack him, and once they got started my quiescence might encourage them to go further. If no matter how far they went, I continued to show my dislike and allowed it to justify the attack, I should implicate myself, obviously. For my dislike would become a means for cancelling in regard to van den Haag the claims of our common humanity and of justice. I trust that van den Haag will understand that he could be thus guilty against “modern painters.”

It seems to me that Mr. van den Haag is unwise to be so indifferent to dislike and to depend so much on “social controls” to shield him against its possible consequences. The feelings that people have and their moral attitudes count the most in periods of disorder, which is precisely the relaxation or washing away of “social controls.” In a dark night, Mr. van den Haag might not fare so well, and in a dark night of society, which is, of course, what Nazism was, all shades of anti-Semitism become a menace.

But where in my article was there an “identification of dislike with genocide”? And where did I write that “anti-Semitism leads to concentration camps”? I invite the reader to return to pages 374–75 of the November COMMENTARY and to judge whether Mr. van den Haag has contributed anything but the reduction of a concrete

analysis to oversimplifying generalizations and redundancies lacking in historical reference (e.g., that totalitarianism is totalitarianism because society carries out “sadistic fantasies” instead of controlling them). My criticism was that the Eichmann Trial missed an “opportunity to expose the exact link between the respectable anti-Semite and the concentration-camp brute.” Mr. van den Haag’s appeal to “unconscious fantasies” is *not* an acceptable substitute for exact analysis, no matter how real these psychoanalytical catchwords may appear in the minds of cultural anthropologists. As to his triumphant point about “murdering without disliking,” I refer the reader to my elaboration of this matter on page 372.

Western Values and Total War

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is regrettable that some of the participants in the stimulating discussion “Western Values and Total War” [October 1961; Sidney Hook, H. Stuart Hughes, Hans J. Morgenthau, and C. P. Snow] reveal a lack of moral insight:

(1) Unilateral disarmament is morally unavoidable if all other alternatives for securing world peace should fail. To insist upon total nuclear-war preparedness in the interest of freedom sounds hollow. With the possible total annihilation of mankind all Western values would die forever. They would survive an enslavement under Communism.

(2) The nuclear defense program can be accepted on moral grounds only if we believe in its war deterrent capacity. The advocacy of shelters destroys this moral foundation.

(RABBI) SIMON FRIEDMAN

Zanesville, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The unstructured tedium of your discussion was relieved for me, in some perverse way, by the most garrulous of your contributors, Sidney Hook. On several occasions he insisted that H. Stuart Hughes, another participant, offer “evidence” in support of his contentions. . . . I should like to ask Professor Hook what evidence he can offer in support of his unhesitating statement that in the Soviet Union illegal departure from the country is punishable by death. To my knowledge, the penalty actually on the statute books for “unlawful departure abroad” is one to three years (Art. 20, Decree on

Criminal Liability for State Crimes, December 25, 1958). The circumstances of illegal departure may, of course, involve actions likely to be construed as treason within the rather liberal definition of same by Soviet law. . . .

SAMUEL L. SHARP
Chairman

Seminar on Soviet Studies
School of International Service
American University
Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I want you to know how much we in this department enjoyed the publication of the round-table discussion "Western Values and Total War." . . . Our congratulations for this outstanding feature in your generally outstanding magazine.

GENE BROOK

Radio-TV Department
Solidarity House
Detroit, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Many of the statements in COMMENTARY's discussion will no doubt provoke contention and agreement, but for me the primary failure lay in the lack of any real confrontation with how Western values can be preserved. . . . I doubt that any members of the panel would disagree with the assumption that the cold war, carried on long enough (a generation?), must result in an increasing resemblance between the contending power blocs. This is the best we can hope for—the alternative is war, planned or accidental. And in neither case is there survival for Western values. . . .

The fact is that the cold war cannot be won. . . . I would suggest in this connection that our "deterrent" capacity has never even been a factor in the lack of war to date. The Soviet Union has been winning enough of its struggles not to need war, and we haven't deterred them from something which they haven't yet felt necessary. The cold war cannot be won—to be it can only be abandoned.

I suggest also that perfectly controlled multilateral nuclear disarmament, with the power struggle continuing, would mean war. Science, like society, is not static. . . . The first nation to develop a mass weapon not controlled, will be in a position to dominate the world—and in such a context will do so. . . .

I suggest still further that it is the power struggle itself which is the enemy of Western

values, and that our only recourse is to opt out. Unilateral disarmament is certainly one method of showing this decision, and there are undoubtedly many others, all of which should be investigated. If we cannot win the cold war, we must end it.

I agree with Mr. Hughes in that I do not believe that unilateral disarmament would necessarily lead to a Soviet invasion. This possibility does exist to be sure, but there are many other factors in the situation; and it is totally unscientific to assume that such invasion would inevitably take place. My own guess is that forces would be unleashed, in the unaligned nations and in the Soviet camp which would turn the course of history and would for the first time permit a world without war. This may not occur, but there is at least a good chance for it. The alternative is a certainty, as Sir Charles has so eloquently told us. . . .

One further point. If Western values are inoperative in crises, they are not values but luxuries. And if they are luxuries, be sure we will be taught to live without them. To me, values, to be valid, must be attuned to man's deepest drives. If so, they are the most potent forces we have at our command. Let us defend Western values by Western values.

CHARLES BLOOMSTEIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Frederick Martin Stern is mistaken [in his comments on "Western Values and Total War," January "Letters"]. "*Nicht der Mörder, sondern der Ermordete ist schuldig*"—is not by Leonard Frank, the author of *Der Mensch ist Gut*. I believe it is by Franz Werfel. Incidentally the effort to join the art of war, or any kind of military organization, with ethics is unethical. War has as little to do with ethics as shoes, and a nation which tries to forget that war is at best a dirty business, is indeed abandoning its cultural values for militarism.

HENRY M. PACHTER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading your discussion outside of America—in my case, while surrounded by the soothing landscape of Kyoto—gives one a strange sense of both terror and unreality. The terror is caused mostly by the subject itself, reduced as it is to its atrocious nakedness. The sense of unreality, however, does not come from the subject alone but rather from things said and unsaid—and especially from the surprising absence of a clear state-

ment by any of these philosophically-minded men on the value of human life itself.

Indeed, Mr. Hook's logic seems to lead us up a strange street: first we are told that in Western tradition, as embodied in Aristotle, it is not life as such that is of value, but only the good life. We are almost led to believe that survival *per se* is a Communist value, since "survival is the be-all and end-all for them." One wonders what has happened to the tradition of Western humanism. Surely there is great, if not supreme, value in the sequence of human existence—in the continuity of historical generations which gives us the opportunity to be noble, evil, creative, or to just passively exist, all in relationship to those who have gone before and those who shall come after. Aristotle's distinction between "mere life" and the good life is important, but it hardly comprehends the revolutionary human situation in which man can put an end to all life.

The participants, of course, recognize the new and highly tragic relationship between nuclear weapons and human life: Mr. Hughes and Sir Charles Snow imply this knowledge in their remarks; Mr. Morgenthau has written eloquently of it in a past issue of this magazine; and Mr. Hook, however much he attempts to argue around it, is too sensitive and too honest to permit himself to wholly ignore it. Yet any discussion of nuclear dangers that does not place this matter at its center is bound to suffer from a high degree of unreality and a dangerous form of historical provincialism.

We find further evidence of this unreality in Mr. Hook's willingness to "count on the sanity of the men in the Kremlin." (He is apparently so certain of America's virtue and steadiness that he never raises the question of our own leaders' mental balance.) But sanity is not the issue: a perfectly sane man on either side (by all current medical-psychological standards) could be quite capable of giving the order setting off a nuclear war—through ideological passion, through momentary fear or anger, or through use of the very "logic" of fight rather than surrender that Mr. Hook, and to some extent Mr. Morgenthau, espouse.

By focusing on an ultimate confrontation—nuclear war or surrender to Russian Communism—instead of upon the new and shocking relationship between human life and nuclear weapons, the participants, during the first three-fourths of the discussion, succeed mainly in wrenching from one another painful moral inconsistencies. Mr. Hook seems to take special delight in those

of his colleagues, though it seems to me that his own are by far the most serious. This focus confines the major part of the discussion to utterly absurd (as Mr. Morgenthau was wise enough to point out) alternatives; and only after Sir Charles comes upon the scene do we get a sense of return to what I would consider to be reality. By rejecting both alternatives, and insisting instead upon constructive historical possibilities, Sir Charles brings us to the sudden realization that there has been something more than a little odd in the tone of the previous discussion, something, unfortunately, specifically American.

We realize that three outstanding American intellectuals, all of them authorities on their subject insofar as anyone can be an authority on it, have been almost solely preoccupied with two dreadful eventualities, one highly imaginary (Soviet occupation of America has never been an issue in the cold war), and the other encompassing the likely destruction of humankind. We can only conclude that the enormity of our dilemma has created in America a dangerous form of social pathology: in response to our overwhelming anxiety, either we contemplate the most wildly destructive actions or else freeze in impotent expectation of inevitable disaster. Rarely do we apply our intelligence to rescuing ourselves and the rest of the world from the grave danger we face in common (here one must respect Mr. Hughes's willingness to come to grips with the problem, even if one has doubts about his specific approach).

Historical provincialism is also evident in references to Communism and socialism in relationship to America and to the uncommitted countries. Attention is fixed on a polarity and a contest: Communism versus American democracy—which will win under what circumstances? What we particularly miss is a broader understanding of the complex feelings of intellectuals and political leaders of uncommitted countries—particularly in the Afro-Asian bloc—toward both Soviet Russia and America. Instead we find Mr. Hook equating Communism with Nazism (and Mr. Hughes, when forced into a corner, pointing out the greater evil of the latter) in a typical example of the misleading form of historical comparison indulged in these days by so many Americans.

The actual attitudes of leaders in the non-Western and uncommitted world are not only more complex than we are led to believe, but also possess specific bearing upon the possibilities for preserving peace, or at

least for avoiding nuclear war. These intellectual and political elites, however, confronted by the inescapable cruelties of organized Communism (and there is an increasing recognition of these cruelties among them, intensified though not initiated by recent Russian nuclear testing), embrace in common with Communism various ideological elements. Their great concern is not only with economic modernization, but with transforming what they experience as unworkable remnants of their cultural traditions, and ultimately with transforming themselves. At the same time these non-Western elites often experience an equally strong urge to restore to viability some of these same traditional cultural elements. This combined mood of revolutionary transformation and restoration is usually non-Communist, often socialist, frequently Marxist, and not infrequently Leninist. It is a mood, or combination of moods, that we continuously fail to grasp; yet it represents one of the great dynamic forces of the contemporary world. We may, as Mr. Morgenthau states, face "existential" handicaps in courting the favor of those who share this mood, but this does not mean we can deal with it by a simple tally of who is on "our" side. There is much we could do to ally ourselves with its more humanistic elements, and thereby have some influence in encouraging the development of its open and free, rather than closed and totalist, potentialities. Here I am afraid that Mr. Hook's remarks on Asian intellectuals are particularly inadequate. In Japan, for instance, to which Mr. Hook specifically refers, intellectuals of many political colorings share the mood I have described. Most are highly critical of both America and Soviet Russia; yet many of these critics would look upon themselves as friendly disposed to both. Nor is it quite true that Japanese intellectuals do not consider themselves part of Asia: it is more accurate to say that they are ambivalent about being Asians—and this ambivalence can sometimes make them wish to be "100 per cent Asian," as is frequently true of the younger ones among them.

I submit that we should worry less about whether the Soviet Union is in a better position to court Asian and African intellectuals, and instead think a good deal more about how all three groups can find common cause in the shared goal of preserving the human race. It is dangerous nonsense to speak of the possibility of preserving the Western tradition through a war that destroys everything human: Western tradition—as well as

Eastern, Communist, and for that matter, neutral tradition—can only be preserved by finding accommodation, and this is our common moral imperative. There is no use in our nervously reassuring ourselves that Soviet Russia has been more aggressive and more intransigent than we have been during the postwar period. I believe this to be true, but I also believe that our own record has been spotty enough to make us think twice about parading our moralism—as Sir Charles gently suggests. Exaggerated moralism on either side is indeed one of the great dangers, for it encourages a kind of militant polarization which could close all avenues of discussion and give one side or the other—or both—the feeling that there is no way out but war.

The necessary accommodation may be roughly outlined as follows. Members of the three blocs must jointly recognize their common adherence to the principle that human life is valuable and worth preserving, as a basis for finding a means of working together for its preservation. Directions of accommodation can then evolve for each of the three groups. America will have to move into closer and more sympathetic (though never entirely uncritical) relationship to the widespread social revolutionary forces I have mentioned, particularly in the non-aligned countries but also in Communist countries, in the West, and in America itself. This form of accommodation becomes more, not less, necessary following Russia's shocking actions in resuming large-scale atmospheric testing, and exploding the 50-megaton bomb; we still have evidence, as Sir Charles indicates, that there are significant groups in Russia with whom we may be able to work (and whom Mr. Khrushchev frequently has supported) which are as much concerned with peace as are any of us. Similarly, the failure of the non-aligned nations to take the stronger stand on Russia's actions makes it all the more imperative that we work with these nations now, not turn from them. Soviet accommodation must correspondingly take account of the genuineness—even the excesses—of American idealism, and the complexities of American political life. Russia must also develop, however grudgingly, greater openness to non-Communist influence; some such increase in openness would be an inevitable consequence of a profound acceptance of the principle of working together for survival. The neutral nations would have to accommodate themselves by moving toward a more genuine universalism in their attitude toward

peace: for to them would fall the task (to which they have up to now insufficiently dedicated themselves) of active leadership in the definition and regulation of truly international programs for peace. This means they will have to transcend their anti-colonialist passions—not give them up, but see them in the wider perspective of the common need for survival. And this accommodation would also entail, for all three groups, a continuous effort to dampen chauvinistic and belligerent influences from any source—whether Moscow, Peking, Washington, Paris, or Bonn.

I am well aware that these directions of accommodation are precisely the directions in which all three groups have been unable to move. Yet there is hope in the fact that, in each case, there have been small steps forward taken at one time or another, however hasty and violent the subsequent retreat. Nor are these by any means the only, or even the basic, accommodations to be made. I have not, for instance, spoken of the enormous scientific and economic co-operation that could follow upon these explorations in accommodation, once the joint goal of survival had been universally accepted. Whatever the difficulties—and I do not minimize them—I am certain that it is to these possibilities for life, and not to the explosive and paralytic polarities of death that dominate the COMMENTARY discussion, that we must begin to apply our energies.

ROBERT J. LIFTON

Kyoto, Japan

The Adolescent "Savage"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am impelled to write in response to the review of my book by Edgar Z. Friedenberg [*The Adolescent Society*, November 1961]. I will not defend those parts of the book that he attacks, but will leave that to those who by accident might read both the review and the book. I want to take issue instead with a naive perspective which runs throughout his review.

One of the major premises underlying the research reported in my book was that the adolescent community (or "subculture" or "crowd") has a powerful motivating effect on the teen-agers within it. An implicit judgment following upon this was that it behooves the adult society to so structure adolescent institutions that the motivating forces of the adolescent community act in directions desired by the adult society.

Mr. Friedenberg takes the view that this is manipulative, that adolescents must be left free to exercise their spontaneous creativity. The naivety in this "noble savage" view lies in the simple assumption that the present structural arrangements provided for adolescents in our society have no such effect, or indeed that it would be *possible* for such an effect to be absent. Not only does such an effect exist; the research reported in my book shows that the effect of the structure of high school activities works precisely against the school's own goals, by making it difficult for the adolescent community to encourage responsible effort on the part of its members—especially in scholarly directions.

If the adolescent community sees as admirable the qualities of hedonism, or destruction, or careless irresponsibility, this is not a spontaneous matter of its own creation, nor a direct mirroring of adult society. It is a response to the specific ways the adolescent's role has been structured by the adult society.

The adolescent community is no less a creature of adults' spawning because the parenthood is unrecognized and unintended. The responsibility of the adult society toward its young people will be fulfilled when this parenthood is recognized, and when institutions serving the adolescent are so shaped that the teen-age community serves the long-range interests of its members, rather than impeding them, as it presently does.

JAMES S. COLEMAN

Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

The Contributions of A. C. Barnes

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"Meanwhile, thank goodness, there is his collection." So ends Max Kozloff's review (?) of *Art and Argyrol* and belated funeral dirge for A. C. Barnes ["An American as Art Collector," November 1961]. In view of Mr. Kozloff's attack upon Dr. Barnes and his thin ridicule of Dr. Barnes's aesthetic theories, it is possible for the general reader to assume that it was Barnes's luck or canny intuition which alone permitted him to amass the Barnes Foundation collection, and that his theories of art had little or no bearing on the choice of pictures. But the fact is that the contrary is true. One might even say that the collection is a defense of Dr. Barnes's ideas. Forget the Renoirs and Cézannes for a moment and look at all the

other pictures which Barnes collected. . . . Whether he selected Greek statuary, Chinese paintings, German, French, Spanish, or Italian primitives, or unknowns such as Settanni or Gritchenko, the emphasis was on individual quality and painterly perception. And not only paintings did he collect. One can study the history and art of frame-making at the Foundation, and the same for wrought iron, Indian crafts, and, to a degree, furniture, sculpture, and the work of the Pennsylvania Dutch. True the collection of masterpieces is occasionally punctuated by some slight work; still one does not read "great books" all the time. . . . It is amusing to note that years and years ago Barnes collected the works of some of the painters who are just now coming in for big praise: I have in mind Wols, da Silva, Afro, and Mirko. . . .

Mr. Kozloff does not point out the positive aspects of Dr. Barnes's contribution as collector, aesthetician, and educator. Besides *The Art in Painting* (why ". . . in fact regressive in 1925"? and what is wrong with focusing on the painting and its plastic content and in turn its human values?), Dr. Barnes published fine monographs on Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse, French Primitives, and a collection of general essays dealing with art, education, and philosophy. . . . Barnes not only bridged the gap between the modern artist and the public but the artist *qua* artist, ancient or modern, and the public. From the academic point of view Barnes may have been a strange bird and a puzzling amateur, but then from his point of view the academic mind was even stranger and more puzzling.

Meanwhile we have Mr. Kozloff to thank for pointing out a few of the defects of Mr. Schack's historiography.

MATTHEW PHILLIPS
Warrington, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his essay-review of my biography of Albert Barnes, *Art and Argyrol*, Max Kozloff succumbs to the compulsion of writers using that form to pretend to know more about the subject than the author of the original book. If Kozloff makes only partial use of the device of paraphrase without credit, he employs other means which are no less exceptionable.

He does not question a particular statement: he prefers the blanket assertion that my information is "not always correct," implying that he has a store of unimpeachable sources of information unknown to me. He

does not name *his* sources; it is superior to allege that my book is "weak in documentation." From this the reader would hardly suspect that the facts of Barnes's many-sided life were not to be picked up in neat packages as from the shelves of a supermarket, that in reality nothing at all had been written about many phases of it, that all the facts had to be painstakingly sought for in primary sources. If my book is weak in documentation, it must be a product of three years of imaginary research.

Kozloff's charge comes with bad grace. For one of the major questions I had to resolve was whether Barnes really was the inventor of Argyrol as he always claimed but various persistent rumors denied. From old Philadelphia telephone directories I learned that there had been a company of chemists, Barnes & Hille. It then became necessary to find out who Hille was and what his role was. Having determined from the archives of the University of Heidelberg that he had received his Ph.D. in chemistry there after much study at other institutions, and having learned from the same source that Barnes took a couple of summer courses at Heidelberg when Hille was completing his doctoral thesis, I looked through medical and chemical journals for any articles afterwards written by them singly or jointly. I discovered one of the latter dealing with the basic chemical procedure used in the invention of Argyrol. Now that it was clear that Hille was at least the co-inventor, I had to find out what Barnes's studies in chemistry had amounted to, to evaluate the possibility that he was the lesser of the collaborators or none at all. I sought this information in the archives of the University of Pennsylvania—from which Barnes held a degree in medicine—and of the institutions at which Barnes may have studied while he was in Berlin—the Technische Hochschule and the Friedrich-Wilhelm Universität. Although these investigations showed that his chemical training was sketchy, I could not, from that and certain other evidence, go further than to assume that he and Hille had been collaborators. Yet, in presenting his brief résumé of Barnes's career, Kozloff completely ignores all this documentation on the most crucial phase of Barnes's life (for without the money he made from Argyrol he would have been neither collector nor educator, neither controversialist nor public figure). Kozloff tells COMMENTARY's readers that *Barnes invented Argyrol* (italics mine). (Incidentally, since the publication of the book, I have come

across new evidence which makes Barnes out to have been the instigator and promoter of Argyrol, but not its inventor.)

Again, I wrote that Barnes sent William Glackens to Paris to buy his first modern pictures, and that the artist was accompanied by Alfred Maurer on the ship and afterwards on his round of the galleries. What is Kozloff's authority for saying that Barnes commissioned Glackens *and* Maurer?

I cannot quarrel with Kozloff for not sharing the taste of the reviewers who praised the stylistic qualities of the book, any more than I can quarrel with him for discussing Barnes's method of art analysis from the point of view of one of those whose perception of art values is so sophisticated that, as he says, their judgment is paralyzed, though I demur at his one-sentence reference to my own criticism of that method, which is severe. And I do question his determination not to concede any virtue in the writing, when he can take the space to exclaim at my use, once, in a certain context, of "loony" and "switcheroo," words which he feels do not belong "between the hard covers of a serious book." This is petty purism indeed when, as far back as 1889, the respectable foot-high Century Dictionary, for one, did not even classify "loony" as slang. As for "switcheroo" . . . I stand condemned. Strip off my hard covers and consider me a paperback.

WILLIAM SCHACK

West Redding, Connecticut

MR. KOZLOFF writes:

William Schack takes me to task for not acknowledging either his hard scholarship or his literary respectability. In his letter, however, he appears to presume both, although he certainly would not care to have his work scrutinized by a professional historian or literary critic, neither of whom would have been as charitable as I. Of a biography in which there are few quotations from stated sources, and no bibliography, a biography, moreover, about a secretive man whose personal files were never relinquished to the author, it is reasonable to assume (without being too much superior) that the latter's information is not always cor-

rect. Because he makes no qualms about guessing, one is sometimes at a loss as to what in Mr. Schack's book is correct. I accepted his report as a whole; perhaps this is the place to state that I felt a great deal of anxiety about its details.

As to the episode of Barnes and the invention of Argyrol, Mr. Schack seems to have done some work which is interesting in its own right, if necessarily inconclusive. I am only surprised that he wanted it noticed in a short article whose title was "An American as Art Collector." My statement about Glackens and Maurer stands corrected. But regarding my view of his treatment of Barnes's aesthetics, Mr. Schack knows very well that my judgment is not paralyzed. Nor is it stayed by a certain fundamental corniness in his drugstore style, no matter how much he wants to protest.

Mr. Phillips, it seems to me, speaks from the viewpoint of an all too conventional Barnes disciple. Whatever the merits of the school, the paintings in the Barnes Foundation were not signally illuminated by their owner's theories. This statement is substantiated by the fact that no serious scholar now refers to Barnes's volumes on Matisse, Renoir, Cézanne, etc. These books were from the first historically unsound and aesthetically doctrinaire. I shudder to think that there may be someone who values Matisse chiefly because Matisse confirms an idea of Barnes. *The Art in Painting*, as I thought I intimated, was hardly a book open-minded enough to provide a continuing basis for criticism. After all, how forward-looking was a program that insisted on "plastic values" as the key to evaluating modern art, ten years after Marcel Duchamp had created his ready-mades? Admittedly, the Barnes collection does contain many craft objects and decorative works, as well as interesting canvases by little-known artists, most of which are worthy of admiring attention. But if it had to depend on those works picked only through sheer adventuresomeness or daring, no one would have written a book on the Barnes Foundation, and no crowds would now be flocking there to incur indignities. . . .

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BEN HECHT'S "PERFIDY"*

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, the bureaucratically organized murder by the Nazis of six million Jews, because they were Jews, becomes increasingly harder to understand. The gigantic proportions of the catastrophe dwarf the puniness of the rescue. How was it possible, we repeat and repeat, for the Germans to have killed in cold blood millions of old men and young, grandmothers, mothers, and children? Why did no one in the world stop the slaughter?

Ben Hecht, who has often played the *enfant terrible* of our time, has a clear and ringing reply: perfidy. The complexities and ambiguities, the hesitations and qualifications, fall away. There is nothing equivocal about perfidy. "Everyone," writes Ben Hecht, "Great Britain, the United States, and the leaders of world Jewry—traitors all! Murderers."

Hecht's accusations against Jewish leaders recall Joe McCarthy's charges of treason. According to Senator McCarthy, we lost China to the Communists because for twenty years the White House was occupied by traitors: it was this kind of simplified version of history that gave great satisfaction to the uninformed and the bewildered.

As McCarthy hated his political opponents, the Democrats and liberal Republicans, more than he hated the Russian or Chinese Communists, so, too: Hecht hates the Germans, but even more he hates Mapai and the Jewish Agency; most particularly he hates Weizmann, Ben Gurion, and Moshe Sharett. Yet to pursue the parallel—McCarthy's irresponsible charges included some elements of truth, however scanty, and Hecht's dreadful accusations against Zionism's leaders contain a few grim truths,

too—not enough, certainly, to sustain his wildly improbable charges of perfidy, but perhaps enough to arouse suspicion and dismay among the uninformed. McCarthy had Alger Hiss, and Hecht has the Kastner case in Israel.

PERFIDY is a scenario-like version of the Kastner case, with heroes, heroines, villains, and flashbacks. In 1954 in Jerusalem, Malkiel Greenwald went on trial for libel. He had, in an issue of the mimeographed political gossip-sheet he published, accused Rudolf Kastner, while a member of the Rescue Committee of the Jewish Agency in Budapest, of collaborating with the Nazis and thus being implicated in the murder of Hungarian Jews. Kastner, a respected member of Mapai, was employed by the government and the Jewish Agency in various posts. Previous innuendoes by the seventy-two-year-old Greenwald about other worthies had gone unnoticed, but unexpectedly, the government decided to come to Kastner's defense and sued Greenwald for defamation. With Greenwald as defendant, Kastner was the one really on trial; but the case became mainly a vehicle for the terrorist Irgun and rightist Herut to vilify the Jewish Agency and Mapai. The Revisionists had reached bottom in Israel's political life, with only barely more support than the Communists or the Arab parties. Thus the Greenwald-Kastner case, which should have examined some facts of the great Jewish catastrophe in the light of the profoundest problems of morality, became the ground for a political duel between the ins and the outs. Greenwald, a member of the Mizrachi, was deeply sympathetic to the Irgun. His son had died fighting with the Irgun; his daughter had been in the Irgun under-

* Published by Julian Messner, 281 pp., \$6.00.

ground. Greenwald's talented young defense counsel, Samuel Tamir, at twenty-three had been acting Irgun commander of Jerusalem. Kastner stood for the Establishment—the Jewish Agency and Mapai. His counsel was Hayyim Cohen, Israel's Attorney General.

Greenwald had accused Kastner of failing to warn the Hungarian Jews of the planned deportations to Auschwitz, of rescuing only his relatives and friends, and of sharing in the ransom the Nazis had collected from the Jews. The charges were not new. Back in 1946, the Zionist movement, Mapai, and the Haganah had held secret hearings on Kastner's transactions with Adolf Eichmann, Kurt Becher, and Dieter von Wisliceny. Apparently none of Kastner's detractors—as numerous as his defenders—had been able to make a conclusive case against him.

Joel Brand, who had worked with Kastner in the Jewish Agency's Rescue Committee in Budapest, was a witness at the Greenwald-Kastner case. Brand, a quiet unassuming man, was catapulted into world view in May 1944, when Eichmann sent him abroad on a mission to offer the Allies Jews in exchange for trucks.

Early in the trial, Tamir succeeded in establishing without a shadow of doubt, after Kastner's original denials, that Kastner had voluntarily given an affidavit to the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg on August 4, 1957, on behalf of SS Colonel Kurt Becher, and that the Allies had released Becher on the strength of Kastner's statement. This immediately provoked wonder as to why the Israeli government was supporting Kastner so loyally. From then on nothing went well for Kastner.

The trial dragged on for nearly nine months, and then Judge Halevi took another nine months to write a 300-page judgment that almost completely upheld Greenwald's charges. In negotiating with the Nazis, Kastner "had sold his soul to the devil," Halevi ruled. Only one charge was not proved, that Kastner had shared in the loot paid to Becher to rescue the Hungarian Jews. Side-stepping the Herut-Mapai argument, Halevi addressed himself to the question of individual morality in the negotiating for Jewish lives with the Nazis. But he could scarcely have been unaware of the political effects of his decision. The next day the Attorney

General announced that the government would appeal the case to the Israeli Supreme Court. Thereupon, Herut and the Communists each brought motions of non-confidence before the Knesset for the government's handling of the case. The General Zionists abstained from voting; the government failed to obtain enough votes for confidence, and Prime Minister Sharett submitted his resignation.

On March 4, 1957, while the Supreme Court was deliberating his case, Kastner was shot in the street by assassins and died some days later. Another nine months elapsed before the five judges of the Supreme Court issued their decision on the appeal by the government: all upheld Halevi's finding on Kastner's guilt for testifying at Nuremberg on behalf of Becher, but only two upheld the lower court's verdict that Kastner had been guilty of collaboration with the Nazis and had acted in bad faith with regard to the Hungarian Jews.

Had Kastner not been murdered, the case would have come to court again and the moral issues been confronted head on. For it was Kastner's moral wartime behavior that was, in reality, *sub judice*. No one can know how Kastner would have emerged, whether legally cleared or blackened. If Moshe Sharett should choose some day to write his memoirs, he might reveal to the world why the Israeli government so stoutly defended Kastner.

A COURT OF LAW is perhaps not the place for deciding the kind of questions involved in Kastner's behavior. The law is the embodiment of a code of morality in normal society. To what extent can that code apply to human behavior in extreme situations? We have ample evidence of how variously morality expressed itself in the will to survive in such institutions as the ghetto, the concentration camp, the places of hiding. Between the extremes of self-sacrifice so that another could survive and the sacrifice of another so that the self might survive, there was a range of action that the law was not prophetic to foresee or subtle enough to particularize as right or wrong. Yet this ought not to preclude judgment; nor should it be precluded by the popular notion that no one can judge who has not been similarly tested. Hecht is right in wanting to render

judgment on Kastner, morally and politically. He can find support in Lord Acton and Isaiah Berlin who have spoken about the historian's need to apply moral standards. But he should have been a better historian and a fairer judge. It is important to consider what limits on action and freedom of choice the Nazis set for the Jews, and how this affected the moral decisions of men like Kastner.

The Nazis had demanded the creation in each ghetto of a *Judenrat* (Jewish council), through which they were to manipulate the fate of the Jewish community. At the outset, there were among decent and honorable Jews two points of view. There were those Jews who opposed participating in the *Judenrat* because it could only be an instrument of Nazi policy, and there were those who believed responsible Jewish participation might alleviate the situation. We know now who were right. The lesson was bitterly learned by Adam Czerniakow, the first chairman of the *Judenrat* in Warsaw, who committed suicide when he realized he could not halt the mass deportations to Treblinka. But there were others with abnormal self-confidence and a near messianic belief in their own capabilities to save the Jews. Jacob Gens, whom the Nazis appointed governor of the Vilna Ghetto, was such a one. On the lowest level were the Jews who joined the ghetto or concentration-camp police, perhaps only to gain immunity (did they know how brief?) from deportation, and whose self-justification was that they would be kinder to the Jews than Polish, Ukrainian, or German overseers.

Kastner was one who believed that "nothing was unholy in a holy struggle," as one observer noted. Until German troops occupied Hungary in March 1944, the situation of Hungarian Jews had been wretched but not desperate. Limited rescue activities were possible. An underground Jewish committee in Budapest worked with church agencies, the International Red Cross, and the neutral foreign embassies. The Swedish government gave Raoul Wallenberg, a Swedish businessman, diplomatic status in Budapest, where he conducted a rescue program conceived and supported by the War Refugee Board and the Joint Distribution Committee. Bribery and graft had been used with some success on the Hungarians and Slovaks.

When Eichmann arrived with the German troops, Kastner was among those who favored negotiating with him to try to rescue the Jews. His outstanding talents for negotiation, granted by even his detractors, were, to be sure, inflated by an enormous vanity and self-assurance.

Kastner was indeed a more complex human being than the caricature of a traitor that Hecht has made of him. Hecht is neither a historian nor a chronicler, he has little respect for the accuracy of a date, a name, or a quotation: it is too much to expect that he should have placed Kastner in historical context. But as a novelist and playwright, Hecht might have been expected to show more compassion for the plight of men put in intolerable situations. Kastner, it is true, in accepting Eichmann's conditions and bargaining for some Jews on those terms, betrayed the trust of his position. Can we therefore condemn him as a traitor, perfidiously leading Jews to their death, in exchange for the comforts and luxuries of his position as chief negotiator with the Nazis? Or can we see him as a self-deluded egotist, obsessed with the sense of his historic mission to save some Jews? Kastner, it seems to me also, does in the end stand condemned. But since Hecht does not prove his particular case against Kastner, I cannot accept his particular judgment. No one, I am afraid, will ever learn what Kastner did for good or evil, to what extent he was acting for the Jewish Agency, and how deeply the power of his position corrupted him. Hecht condemns Kastner for trying to bargain with the Nazis for Jewish lives. But he describes Joel Brand's mission to the Allies on behalf of Eichmann as a "savior mission." Hecht justifies Brand's negotiations on Eichmann's offer of "a million Jewish lives for a few thousand trucks," as Hecht artfully puts it, only in order to *discredit* Jewish and Allied leaders for not having consummated the deal.

WOULD IT REALLY have been possible for the Allies to accept the Eichmann proposal? Eichmann had promised that the 10,000 trucks would be used only on the Eastern front. Did Hecht expect Britain and the United States to trade Jewish lives for Russian lives? Besides, Eichmann never kept his promise to Brand to hold off the deporta-

tions, but kept sending Hungarian Jews to the gas chambers at Auschwitz without respite. The Brand mission was meant also to feel out the Western Allies about a separate peace. In his innocence, Brand had no idea of what the whole drama was about and how small a part he was playing in a great spectacle. Didn't Hecht know, for instance, that the Western Allies informed the Russians of Eichmann's proposal and their own rejection of it; that, nevertheless, efforts were made by the Jewish Agency and the Allies to maintain contact in case something might develop on the rescue of the Jews; that the Germans sent out new feelers for negotiations through Kastner and Eichmann's assistant, Becher, proposing discussions with the Joint Distribution Committee, to pick up where Brand had left off? It is also well known that with the approval and knowledge of the State Department and War Refugee Board, the JDC arranged to have their Swiss representative, Saly Meyer, negotiate with Becher; that the British and Russian governments were kept informed, and that promises of Allied postwar aid to the Germans were made in an effort to halt the mass murder.

Hecht tells none of this. Obsessed with the notion of perfidy and sellout, he sees only that Britain refused to buy the Jews from Eichmann's agent because Britain wanted most of all to halt Jewish immigration into Palestine, and Weizmann, Sharett, and Ben Gurion acquiesced. We are back to the Haganah-Irgun quarrel; and even further back to the time when Weizmann opted for partition, with a small state having a Jewish majority, whereas the Revisionists, among others, wanted all of Palestine. This is the real reason that Hecht hates Weizmann, and accuses him of unimaginable, but quite imaginary, callousness toward the European Jews.

Surely Weizmann must have been as much concerned for the European Jews as Ben Hecht. Even Menachem Begin, head of the Irgun when its chief contribution to the war effort was killing British soldiers in Palestine, is more charitable toward Weizmann. Begin quotes Randolph Churchill as saying that his father used to avoid Weizmann during the war. "Whenever I see him," Winston Churchill was supposed to have said, "I can't sleep at night." It was

Weizmann who proposed to the British that they bomb the gas chambers of Auschwitz, a fact which Hecht suppresses. Auschwitz was not bombed, but not because Weizmann didn't try or care.*

The fact remains that the Jews were not rescued. Nothing was done or, to be precise, nothing substantial enough to stand up against the stark statistics of six million murdered.

PERHAPS THE JEWS were not rescued because no one, not even Ben Hecht, realized until it was too late how final was to be the solution of the Jewish problem. Even the Jews in Warsaw who lined up at the railway station for bread and jam rations to take on their "resettlement" trip did not know or did not believe the reports of eyewitnesses about Treblinka. So, *a fortiori*, the Jews in London or New York. The Joint Emergency Committee for Jewish Affairs, consisting of all major Jewish organizations in America, was formed in March 1943. Its first important business was to submit a memorandum to the Anglo-American Refugee Conference, which opened in Bermuda on April 19. That was the day the 50,000 surviving Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto, one-tenth of the original population, rose up against the Germans. It was too late then for most of the European Jews. Four months later, Peter Bergson set up the Emergency Conference to Save the Jewish People of Europe, another in a series of Irgun fronts to raise money for arms to fight the British. Its one accomplishment, so far as I know, was that its proposal to establish a United States Commission to rescue European Jews brought about the creation of the War Refugee Board. Synchronizing intergovernmental and private agency programs for relief and rescue, the Board worked together with JDC, the Orthodox Vaad Hatzalah, the Bricha (the Jewish Agency's underground rescue teams), HIAS, and others. Nevertheless, it was too late. The war was an effective barrier against negotiations, bargaining, large-scale rescue, and substantial relief.

* The British were not alone to blame. There is reason to believe that the Russians rejected the idea of allowing their fields to be used by British bombers to take off against Auschwitz, and also vetoed a plan to blow up the rails leading to the death camps.

The only way, it seemed then, to halt the murder of the Jews was to defeat the Germans as rapidly as possible.

Something might have been done sooner, before Pearl Harbor and even before September 1, 1939, to rescue Jews wishing to escape Europe, had the United States been more receptive. But economic depression, anti-Semitism, and isolationism were prevalent. Whispering campaigns spread the rumor that refugees in the U.S. were taking the jobs away, and the Jewish defense agencies were busy publishing statistics to show it wasn't true. Patriotic organizations and Congressmen rallied round to prevent passage of a bill to admit 20,000 refugee children from Germany. Ships, unable to land their human cargo, wandered over the seas until they found a watery grave. Why were we Jews not more energetic? Some were fearful, for themselves and for the good name of American Jews. Others construed the rescue of Europe's Jews in terms of Palestine and Palestine in terms of a Zionist political solution. And so Europe's Jews were ground between the defensive self-interest of American Jews and the more boisterous Zionist politics. If Hecht's charges against Jewish leaders are generally admissible, his specific reasons for their inaction are the wrong reasons, his facts not always factual, his quotations usually out of context. The great Jewish outcry was stifled because it was not thought politic for American Jews. Wouldn't we agree now that there should have been marches on Washington? A hunger strike of thousands of Jews around the White House and the Capitol might have had a response. The Irgun's wasteful full-page ads in the daily papers that Hecht wrote did shock people out of their torpor, even if only to contribute to the Irgun. As I now read the newspapers of those days, I find myself preferring the yellow journalist to the political Zionist. On December 2, 1943, Stephen Wise, on behalf of the American Jewish Conference, at a hearing before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, complained about the proposal for a United States commission to rescue the European Jews: it was "inadequate" because it didn't recommend unrestricted Jewish immigration to Palestine. Hecht distorts this, charging Wise with outright objection. I myself think Wise's actual statement sufficiently cynical.

Certainly the Zionist leadership of the American Jewish Conference tried to bully all the Jewish organizations into support of their program by using the European Jews as a counter. At that late date when the major organizations were beginning to shake off the lethargy and fear, they might have been persuaded to undertake some great compelling action to save the still surviving Jews in Hungary and Rumania. But the Zionists forced the endeavor into a loyalty test on Palestine. Hecht accuses the Jewish Agency and the Zionist parties of having sold out the European Jews to Britain for some trivial advantages in power and prestige in a small partitioned state. It might perhaps be more accurate to say that, gambling for a Jewish state, the Zionists gambled away one chance to save the Jews. It was not the first nor the last, but certainly the most important time that Zionist interest did not coincide with Jewish interest.

HECHT is just as partisanly political as the people he accuses of partisan politics. The Kastner case was conducted in this spirit, and even Joel Brand finally realized it. Withdrawing earlier accusations of treachery against Sharett and Weizmann which Tamir had wrung from him, Brand cried out that Tamir wanted "to help one party by exploiting the spilt blood of the Jews."

This is precisely what Ben Hecht has done. Underplaying the German murder of six million Jews, with the active collaboration of Poles, Ukrainians, Balts, Hungarians, and Rumanians, he overplays the British and American failure to provide haven for the Jews or to undertake some effective military action to stop the operations of the gas chambers. Finally, he ascribes to the Jewish Agency the greatest crime of all—of having acquiesced in the partition of Palestine on British terms, and betrayed the Irgun's dream of a Greater Palestine.

Hecht exploits the mistakes, the fears, the timidities and stupidities, the political bickerings among the Zionists, and indeed among all the Jewish organizations during the holocaust, in order to disgrace Mapai and the Jewish Agency and to glorify the Revisionist movement. He has converted ideological differences into savage personal defamation, and equated Zionist mistakes and expediency with German murder.

ELEPHANTS AND BLIND MEN

THE OLD MEN AT THE ZOO. By ANGUS WILSON. Viking. 352 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GROSS

THE STORY WHICH Angus Wilson has to tell in his new novel is not very nice. In the opening pages a keeper at the London Zoo dies after being kicked in the testicles by a giraffe, and after that Mr. Wilson never looks back. His narrator, an official at the Zoo called Simon Carter, wants an investigation into the causes of the accident, but his efforts are frustrated by a feud between the director, Leacock, and his deputy, Sir Robert Falcon. Leacock is obsessed with the idea of moving the Zoo from London to a national park where the animals can be given "limited liberty"; Falcon's ambition is to preserve or restore as much of the old Victorian Zoo as possible. Through the machinations of the president, an elderly press-lord with his own political ax to grind, the quarrel is transformed into a national issue. The year is 1970; Britain, in far-from-splendid isolation, is on the brink of war with the Common Market countries (conventional war, since America and Russia have threatened to intervene if nuclear weapons are used). With the president's backing, Leacock starts transferring the animals to a reserve in the west of England; when policy changes, he steadfastly refuses to return to London, until personal tragedy compels him to resign: his nymphomaniac daughter is killed by an Alsatian with whom she has been having sexual intercourse.

Falcon, who succeeds him, eagerly sets about remodeling the Zoo on neo-Victorian lines, but his gala opening coincides with the outbreak of war. As the bombs fall, Falcon goes mad; a starving mob sacks the Zoo, but Simon makes his escape. The return of peace sees him reinstated by the new director, a rich and worldly pro-European named Englander; but the government now includes a fascist group, who plan to use the Zoo as a Roman arena for the disposal of political prisoners. Appalled that he should work for such a regime, Simon's wife leaves him; he quickly goes to pieces, and is sent to an internment camp for vagrants. Then the fascists are ousted, Englander is jailed, and

Simon released; at the end of the book he agrees to apply for the directorship, though it is far from certain that he will get the job.

A bizarre performance, which has disconcerted many of Mr. Wilson's English admirers; I have already heard the book described as a burlesque of C. P. Snow, a veiled account of Munich, and a prolonged leg-pull. But Mr. Wilson isn't the man to fob us off with a private joke, and even when his symbolism seems clumsily contrived it demands serious consideration. One thing is plain: he isn't concerned with the futuristic aspects of his story. The treatment of politics is perfunctory, the details of warfare vague, the scattered references to social change almost deliberately inept. Mr. Wilson is no H. G. Wells; his theme is present-day England, which he sees lying at the mercy of unbalanced old men and increasingly cut off from reality. The officials and curators in the novel have lost all sense of proportion; after all, a zoo is an important institution, but it is no more the whole world than—shall we say?—a Cambridge college is. In the outside world terrible things are happening, but the old men go tottering to their graves wrapped up in private manias, jealous and pig-headed to the last. Each of the three directors averts his eyes from what he doesn't want to see, and each suffers horribly as he is overtaken by events.

WHETHER THEIR obsessions provide an adequate spectrum of current British attitudes is another matter. All three are Establishment men, but they are also cranks who don't correspond very closely to the genuine living article—unless one takes them as broad personifications of "intellectual dishonesty, snobbery, and the so-called realistic cult of expediency," which Mr. Wilson has just described in *Encounter* as the predominant vices of English life today. Leacock is a bungler, evasive in public and frigid in private, out of touch with his subordinates but adept at glossing over their mistakes. His hatred of urban life and his passion for the Reserve are genuine enough, but even limited liberty demands eternal vigilance; wild life is wilder than he reckons for, and so is human. The animals keep escaping, while his daughter's death comes like a judgment.

Falcon is at once more manly and more childish. He is a famous explorer, whose

name is surely intended to recall that of Captain Robert Falcon Scott of the Antarctic, perhaps the last of the pre-1914 story-book English heroes; yet his fixation on the past is not so much jingoism as sheer nostalgia for the nursery. He rechristens the Zoo's prize elephant Jumbo, while on the eve of war he is engrossed in arranging a tableau of animals from children's classics: Kipling, *The Wind in the Willows*, and so forth. He thinks of the public as a cheerful music-hall crowd; there is no place in his outlook for the mob violence which follows the destruction of his Victorian jamboree. Of all the characters in the book he is the one most plainly self-deluded, yet the fantastic preparations for his "British Day"—fireworks, multicolored fountains, patriotic recitations, emblematic flowerbeds—are described in elaborate and loving detail. Mr. Wilson has always reserved some of his sharpest darts for the soft underbelly of English culture, the whimsical, jocular, pet-loving, and sentimental side of the national character; but what stirs him to satire also exercises a lasting fascination.

After such picturesque proceedings, England comes as rather an anti-climax: a cosmopolitan (with a double-edged surname), contemptuous of British muddle but himself blinkered to political dangers by a "realism" based on money. His inaugural "European Day" is taken over by the fascists and, with heavy-handed parallelism, turned into as big a fiasco as Falcon's "British Day." The action at the end of the book is huddled up; the war and its aftermath are dealt with in about a third of the space devoted to Leacock and his Reserve. It's hard to decide whether this is bad planning or a deliberate irony. When Simon records official intrigue in exhaustive detail but passes over his concentration camp experience in silence, is there an implied comment on the values of the world which Mr. Wilson describes?

The difficulty is knowing how far to take Simon at his word. This is the first Angus Wilson novel to be told in the first person, and in many ways Simon is the author's representative: liberal, highly intelligent, impatient of his superiors but devoted to his work. But he is a character, not just a mouthpiece; his judgment of men and events may be just, but he is continually being side-tracked or dodging the issue. All

three directors come to grief, yet he works for each in turn and survives; small wonder that someone near the end of the book labels him the Vicar of Bray. Much of Angus Wilson's work is a critique of liberalism from the inside, and at first sight Simon looks like a cousin of Bernard Sands in *Hemlock and After*, a high-minded man lacking the courage of his liberal convictions. But he has at least as much in common with Charles Murley, the cautious civil servant in that novel. He is above all an administrator, whose first loyalty is to institutions: "For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best."

As a servant of the Establishment, his background is "impeccable": Winchester, New College, the Treasury. There is surely a tinge of satire in the self-portrait, just as it is hard to take Simon's prosaic, well-documented account of married joys altogether at face value. Only at the very end, ruffled by a peculiarly callous clubman, does he blurt out his sense of having been too detached.

AND WHAT HAS all this got to do with giraffes? Mr. Wilson could no doubt have chosen any number of institutions to illustrate his views on power and responsibility; but clearly the zoo tickles his imagination as an exotic backdrop to the human zoo in the foreground. Men are animals, too; it only takes a stroke or two of the cartoonist's pencil to give them snouts and claws and plumage. Again and again Simon sees human beings in terms of the beasts in the menagerie, a habit which, like his gift for mimicry, he shares with his creator. The moral judgments in Mr. Wilson's books are shot through with physical distaste: other people's appearances are usually found either ridiculous or repulsive, while old age and illness are grotesque. Illness looms large in his writings (it's interesting to recall that he was brought up as a Christian Scientist); a character in *The Old Men at the Zoo*, for instance, is for no apparent reason endowed with an insane wife, a mother with a cardiac condition, a spastic son, and a retarded daughter. Mr. Wilson rather enjoys overdoing it and making our flesh creep, in fact; his crew of spongers, domestic tyrants, and social climbers are real enough, but he can't resist the final push which sends them toppling over into absurdity. His reputation

is that of a realist, and everyone can recognize Angus Wilson characters or Angus Wilson situations outside literature, in a way that is scarcely possible with any other post-war English novelist. Yet this is realism selective to the point of melodrama. Everything in his early books is overdrawn or overwrought; with his serious characters the hysterical outburst is never far away, and while his villains are plausible enough to make us wince, they eventually take on an extravagant life of their own which makes us sorry to see them go.

Yet I don't want to sound as though I find Mr. Wilson a trivial *petit maître*; his fiction, not to mention his journalism, is very much the work of a moralist, a severe but humane social critic, a liberal in the tradition of E. M. Forster who won't be shaken just because he sees the limitations of liberalism. It's only that discussions of his social philosophy make him sound dull, which he hardly ever is. His problem has always been how to make his general ideas and his satirical gift coalesce; so far it is the macabre comedy in his work which has most of the vitality. His heroes are honorable but imperfect men, seen in the round; but though their moral dilemmas are genuine, they usually get lost as the novels unfold. In *The Old Men at the Zoo*, Mr. Wilson has attempted a new solution, by using a framework of fantasy. But the symbolism and social comedy won't mix; one has an uncomfortable sense of the author cataloguing minor affectations while Rome burns. Mr. Wilson has some penetrating and alarming judgments to pass on present-day England; but I think present-day England is where his story should have been set.

A NEW USE FOR YIDDISH

SOVIETISH HEIMLAND No. 1, JULY-AUGUST 1961. Published by Sovetsky Pisatel (Moscow). 128 pp.

Reviewed by ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

PHILOLOGISTS TELL US that the Diaspora Jews did not have a single, common language of their own, but many languages, borrowed from the Gentile peoples among whom they lived. The Jews adapted these languages to their own ethos, adding many

Hebrew and Aramaic words, creating the dialects of the ghetto. Slavic, French, and Spanish all made their contributions to the evolution of these dialects (Spanish was fused with Hebrew to create the Ladino of the Sephardic Jews). And, finally, Yiddish was spoken by millions of East European Jews. All these languages had one thing in common—they were forged as an instrument of Jewishness. Hebrew was too holy for everyday use and was to be spoken only at the advent of the Messiah.

Thus, since the Yiddish of East European Jews has been, above all, an instrument of their Jewishness, it becomes flat and barren when used for the denial of Jewishness. One might say that the language cannot organically tolerate atheism. Purged of the religious sentiment which gave it cohesion, Yiddish is reduced to a conglomerate of disparate elements, and only then justifies the accusations of its adversaries that it is gibberish, jargon.

The Yiddishists of Soviet Russia have never recognized this truth. They have tampered with the spelling of the Hebrew words which go into Yiddish; they have, for example, abolished the special final forms of the Hebrew consonants *mem*, *nun*, *zadik*, *pe*, and *chuf*. They in fact turned Yiddish into a tool to serve the "Bezbozniks," the godless. Perhaps this was the main reason for the Russian Jews' rejection of Yiddish, even in Biro-Bidjan. A language does not consist only of words. It has its ideas, its spirit, its traditions. The inner dissolution of Yiddish in Russia began as early as the 1920's at the very time when Yiddish was supposed to be flourishing there. Writers like David Bergelson and Moshe Kulbak, who were settled in Russia at that time and had harnessed themselves to the revolution, quickly lost their talent and their linguistic charms. It may sound mystical, but some of these writers were actually no longer able to construct a Yiddish sentence; their language had lost its soul.

The murder of most of the Soviet Yiddish writers and the banning for years of Yiddish publications from the Soviet Union is a familiar story. Now Khrushchev has made a gesture, permitting the publication of a Yiddish magazine. In the first number of *Sovietish Heimland*, which appeared last summer, there is mention made of some

of the old Yiddish writers, like Markish and Hofstein, but there is no indication that the "fatherland of socialism" did away with them, and with scores, perhaps hundreds of others: Kulbak and Markish, Bergelson and Litvakov, Feffer and Charic, whose only crime against the regime was their writing in Yiddish. We know how Yiddish writers were forced to denounce each other, how for years they engaged in the sport of finding in their fellow critics and novelists and poets traces of Trotskyism, left deviation, right deviation, anti-Stalinism, Zionism, religious sentiment. The denunciations were supposed to spare the denouncer from falling victim himself to the purges. The Nazis turned terrorized Jews into *kapos* who drove their own parents into the gas chambers and crematories. The Soviet overseers of culture turned the Yiddish writers into informers.

This reviewer bore witness, while he was still living in Poland in the 30's, to the way in which young Yiddish writers became drunk with Communism. They left Warsaw, forsook us, the "capitalist lackeys," the servants of imperialism, the preachers of fascism. From Soviet Russia, the land of the bright future, they sent letters, at first enthusiastic, urging their friends and family to follow them. As time passed, their letters came less frequently, and carried cryptic passages and ominous expressions. In Warsaw we used to get the Soviet Yiddish press, and we read the attacks of these newcomers from Warsaw against the native Russian Yiddish writers who were accused of all sorts of ridiculous crimes against the proletariat. The discovery of anti-Communist meanings between the lines of innocent poems became a madness: in short order, these critics hunting down the unkosher lost every vestige both of their humanity and of their common sense. It was these wild and irresponsible attacks by writers on each other that finally brought innocent people to prison and to execution.

ON THE GRAVES of those who destroyed others and themselves in the name of socialism, *Sovietish Heimland*, a "magazine of arts and letters," has now sprouted like a wild mushroom. The first issue, dated *July-August 1961*, announces itself as a bi-monthly published in Moscow by the Writers' Organization of the USSR. The format is a familiarly

dingy one of inferior paper and type. One may count upwards of twenty-five contributors, almost all unknown to the Yiddish reader. They seem to be, for the most part, beginners or perhaps writers who never made the grade, from Russia, Rumania, and Poland. Seventeen of the contributors are represented by poems, mostly banal and hollow. Some of this verse has been translated from Russian, and the Yiddish poems are reminiscent of an epoch in Yiddish literature predating even Reizin and Frug. All, as one would expect, sing the glories of the Soviet. One is about "Yuri Gagarin"; another is entitled "Stop Crying"; a third deals with "Slavic Words in Yiddish"; a fourth, by Samuel Halkin, is entitled "*Gut Yontiff, Mein Land.*" The magazine's editor, Aaron Vergelis, offers a translation of the poem "Siberia" by the Lenin prize-winner Alexander Twardovski. Then there is a poem about the Congo and an ode to Lumumba. The writer, Motl Grubyan, a survivor of the purges, writes:

*Congo, they beat you in the face with chains,
They locked your wrists in handcuffs,
A bloody moon is suspended in the high sky
And the black continent is now red.*

Congo, you are a mountain of gold and a prison, too.

*Braid a rope of hatred and tears
For slave drivers and business missionaries
Who shoot your sons in the forest of Katanga.*

In the back of the magazine, following the verse and the several short stories and articles, appear the book reviews and book notices. The following is typical:

"A Dispute on the Day of Rosh Hashonah": This is the title of M. Altshuler's book published in Moscow this year.

Shloyme and Mendl are old friends. The first has long broken away from religion. The other still clings to it even though many things are not comprehensible to him. Shloyme and Mendl are engaged in a heated dispute. One is questioning, voicing his doubts, while the other, deeply steeped in the Marxist point of view, proves to him conclusively and with indisputable facts that the Jewish religion, and any other religion as well, is reactionary in its content and completely at odds with the life and interests of Soviet man.

At the end of the conversation it is quite clear that Mendl will finally come to the right conclusion. Shloyne has literally opened his eyes.

The introduction to the magazine, addressed to the reader, quotes Khrushchev: "The great art of Communism, this is the art of deep thought, high emotions, and burning passions, the art which is able to arouse millions and millions of builders of communism to great accomplishments." And again Khrushchev on art: "Our art is called upon deeply and truly to show how heroism is born and to reveal the spiritual world of the men of our time, their emotions, thoughts, aspirations." There is, to be sure, not a single reference to Stalin, who silenced the Yiddish writers at the very time they were extolling his greatness and deifying him.

Conspicuous by their complete absence in this new publication are any attacks on other Soviet Yiddish writers, the denunciations which had so prominent a place in former Soviet Yiddish publications. Of course, nothing has been published in Russia in Yiddish for a number of years, and, in any case, the search for counterrevolutionary tendencies in writers is now out of fashion. Whether this happy situation will continue depends of course on the caprices of the *natchalniks*. If pushed to it, one could easily find, even in the works of the amateurs in the new *Sovietish Heimland*, hidden praise of Beria, nationalism, cosmopolitanism, neo-fascism, and whatever else is ordered.

It is a pleasant surprise to find in this collection of mediocrity a story which points to a new talent. The writer of "In the Home Town" is Tevia Gen, born in Chadov, Lithuania, in 1912, and a graduate of the machine building technicum in Kharkov and the literary faculty of the Moscow Pedagogic Institute. Tevia Gen's story is told in diary form. The author returns to his home town, Azovsk, where his wife and child perished at the hands of the Nazis. Tevia had met his wife in a steel mill where they both worked before World War II. His wife had been a crane machinist. She sat high in the cabin of a crane while he attached steel beams to a rope for hoisting. This was in 1938. Later they were married, and in 1941 Tevia went to war. The Nazis occupied Azovsk, and the town had its own

Babi Yar where many Jews were slaughtered. In 1960 the author returns to Azovsk with the slim hope at this late date of finding his daughter still alive, since a few Gentiles had secretly taken in Jewish children. While in Azovsk the author pays a visit to the steel factory which by now had grown very big and important. The intertwining of the writer's personal suffering and hopes with his admiration for the accomplishments of the steel mill is expressed with great skill. In describing the mill, Gen had difficulty in finding words for the technical terms—mostly, he has used Russian terms, but here and there he has created new Yiddish words. The story gives us an insight into Soviet life and in particular the relation of Jews to their Soviet surroundings, with no attempt to beautify the reality. It becomes clear from this diary that the people of Azovsk, with few exceptions, looked on with indifference while the Jews were being slaughtered by the Nazis. This story by Tevia Gen proves, it seems to me, that talent can survive the most unfavorable circumstances; and certainly it places him among the accomplished Yiddish prose writers of today.

Indeed, Jewish consciousness is expressed by many of this new Soviet magazine's contributors, but a consciousness bearing the mark of the most painful conflict. For if Jewishness is neither religion, nor Zionism, nor a sense of being a part of world Jewry, what is it?

"THE LONELY CROWD" AT BAY

CULTURE AND SOCIAL CHARACTER. THE WORK OF DAVID RIESMAN REVIEWED. Edited by SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET and LEO LOWENTHAL. *The Free Press*. 458 pp. \$7.50.

Reviewed by HARRIS DIENSTFREY

AS PRACTICALLY everyone must know by now, David Riesman's sociological study, *The Lonely Crowd*, argued that the American national character was undergoing a change. The book described this change as a shift from inner-direction—where, broadly speaking, the goals of the individual are determined by one's parents—to other-direction—where they are determined by the individual's peers. (A third type of "direction,"

tradition-direction—where the whole society determines one's goals—is found in preliterate, non-industrial societies.) For evidence of the shift, Riesman (and his two collaborators, Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer) pointed to the growth and use of the mass media, to changes in American business life and political behavior, and to the new American attitudes toward work and play; they also drew upon an unspecified number of interviews with American teen-agers (some of which were later reprinted in *Faces in the Crowd*), and upon a variety of random illustrations such as the content of a particular children's book (*Tootle*) or a particular movie (*Curse of the Cat People*). With something very close to moral urgency, *The Lonely Crowd* pressed its readers to recognize that much of their lives and attitudes, and the culture in which they lived, were something quite new in the history of man. The book's object was to etch these changes as sharply as possible. Its authors implied that the adequacy of their concepts or analyses should not be judged primarily by the standards of formal theory but by the success with which they limned the uniqueness of American life.

The Lonely Crowd was very much the *Catcher in the Rye* of sociology (I mean no disrespect); the similarity extended far beyond their phenomenal success. Both books were published during a time when Americans had embarked upon a vigorous re-discovery of America. Tocqueville was being read again, and the mass media were being referred to with quickened interest. Then, in the pages of *The Lonely Crowd*, and *Catcher in the Rye*, the whole country suddenly seemed brought into focus. Each book found a pattern in the apparent chaos of American culture and in the difficult business of simply being an American; and the patterns complemented one another. Who was Holden Caulfield but any man striving for autonomy in an unsure, other-directed society? *Catcher* was a moral handbook to the pleasures and anxieties of urban Americans, *The Lonely Crowd*, its sociological counterpart, a guide to the origins of these pleasures and anxieties. To Americans with the goal of self-discovery who sought all at once knowledge, criticism, and understanding, these books—rich in the details of contemporary life—not only made sense, they

gave relief as well. And their effect on readers today seems almost as resonant.

Understandably enough, since its publication in 1950, *The Lonely Crowd* has become something of a *cause célèbre* within social science. Was it a good sociology? members of the fraternity asked. Or, if not "scientific," was it still "justifiable at this stage of sociological knowledge"? Or was it any kind of sociology at all?

THE PRESENT collection under review, with its nineteen articles, represents the effort of twenty-four of Riesman's contemporaries in social science to survey his work and put it in perspective. Edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Leo Lowenthal, *Culture and Social Character* is the third in a series of books—which the Free Press publishes under the general heading of "continuities in social research"—reappraising contemporary landmarks in sociology. Although the first two "continuities" dealt with *The American Soldier* and *The Authoritarian Personality*, studies of extensive and complex empirical research, the comparative subjectivity of Riesman's work does not trouble the co-editors here. Lipset and Lowenthal regard *The Lonely Crowd* as "a creative sociological treatise" that "may claim legitimate heritage to the work . . . of Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen, Max Weber, Emile Durkheim, George Herbert Mead." Not all the fellow contributors to the collection would assent to these particular comparisons. But they all do Riesman the honor of not worrying much about his extra-professional popularity, and they emphasize his achievement throughout. To round things off, however, Riesman is allowed the last word. In a closing essay, he (and Glazer) "reconsider" *The Lonely Crowd* and talk both to the criticisms made in preceding articles and to a number of others which have been made during the past ten or so years.

The contributors to this third "continuities" had before them a study that touched almost every live nerve of contemporary America. Not too unreasonably, one might have expected their investigation to provide some measure of American sociology. Unfortunately, for the most part the collection only reveals that sociologists—many of them Americans in the bargain—can treat a book that touches so directly on the circum-

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stances of American life as if its concerns were no more relevant to them than the kinship structure of Central Africa.

There are exceptions of course. One is Eric Larrabee (not, properly speaking, a sociologist), whose witty and intelligent article, "David Riesman and His Readers," analyzes rather than deplores the success of *The Lonely Crowd*. Larrabee writes that the language of the book "was simply the language of its readers: Informal University American." Also notable is William Kornhauser's short careful study, "'Power Elite' or 'Veto Groups'?" Kornhauser begins by comparing the image in *The Lonely Crowd* of America's power structure with the contradictory image in C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite*. He not only discusses the crucial difference between them, but finds important similarities; and he analyzes the empirical deficiencies of both. In this way, Kornhauser ends by providing a perspective from which other studies of national power in the United States can be evaluated.

A fascinating article worth particular attention is "David Riesman's Typology of Character," by Robert Gutman and Dennis Wrong. In this stimulating and imaginative piece of work, the two sociologists argue persuasively that Riesman's categories — partly because of "their cultural richness and suggestiveness" — cannot characterize individuals; the categories are "sociocultural rather than truly characterological." Gut-

man and Wrong further maintain that *The Lonely Crowd* did not develop an exhaustive typology. Though unimportant in itself, in this instance the deficiency meant that Riesman and his collaborators overlooked an important and relevant historical type — one fairly well documented, it so happens, by other sociologists. By employing characteristics which are implicit in Riesman's categories and which at the same time serve to distinguish the three types of direction each from the other, Gutman and Wrong proceed to develop a more complete typology. They suggest that Riesman's tradition-directed man has both a *collective* self and permanent goals, his inner-directed man an *individualized* self and permanent goals, and his other-directed man an *individualized* self and *fluid* goals. Their own fourth type, which completes the possibilities, is the man with a collective self and fluid goals. By-passed in *The Lonely Crowd*, this type represents considerably more than a formal construct; he is found, Gutman and Wrong write, among those people "who have come into a subordinate relationship to industrialized nations." From this essay, then, one learns about *The Lonely Crowd*, about sociology, and, most important, about the contemporary world.

Not many of the other evaluations are as instructive. Several are interesting in themselves. But either they gain nothing by grafting Riesman's terminology onto their

content—as in Quentin Bell's "Conformity and Nonconformity in the Fine Arts"—or they offer very little about Riesman's work proper—as in Ralf Dahrendorf's "Democracy without Liberty: An Essay on the Politics of the Other-directed Man."

More unsatisfying than the weaknesses of individual articles is the absence from this collection of any number of discussions which would seem especially germane to evaluating *The Lonely Crowd*. For example, there is no systematic comparison of Riesman's results with the results of other important studies of American character—only a sketchy outline on the history and value of studying national character by Margaret Mead. There is no analysis of the body of research which has tried to locate inner- and other-direction empirically—only two "raw" examples of such research. (Both of them, as a matter of fact, inadvertently support Gutman and Wrong's argument concerning the inadequacy of Riesman's typology in characterizing individuals.) Nor is there an attempt to verify or to extend Riesman's insight concerning the new other-directed content of children's books by surveying a representative number of these books; nor any attempt to estimate the degree of other-direction in "adult" media.

One sociological question concerning *The Lonely Crowd* needed answering more than any other: exactly what kind of thing did the book refer to when it spoke about national character? In 1956, in an article in COMMENTARY, Dennis Wrong originally presented the argument he here offers again, that Riesman's three forms of direction, as Wrong wrote then, "are better *general cultural* than *individual psychological* categories." (His italics.) Though Wrong did not go on to expand all the implications of his criticism, the crucial question which followed from it was still more or less clear. How, then, should the contribution of *The Lonely Crowd* be understood—as an addition to the knowledge of changing "life-styles," institutional arrangements, value patterns—or of all three? Several papers in *Culture and Social Character* presumably discuss this problem—Lipset's "A Changing American Character?" and Sheldon L. Messinger and Burton R. Clark's "Individual Character and Society"—but they are mainly interested in revealing formal de-

ficiencies in Riesman's work. They provide very little help in getting at the matrix of style, institutions, and values which forms the basic concern of *The Lonely Crowd*. Simply to reveal, as Lipset does, the presence of other-directed values in 19th-century Americans reveals nothing about the "direction" of 19th- (or 20th-) century institutions. More to the point, his approach sidesteps entirely the complex nature of Riesman's subject matter.

THE POTENTIAL sword-crossing comes to very little then. In answering the critics, Riesman (with Glazer) alternates between sharp pique at their academicism, tolerant acceptance of many of their objections, and firm support for *The Lonely Crowd's* approach—"a more free-wheeling, holistic or Gestaltist approach to group or national character." On the central substantive issue of their study, they see no reason to yield. "Reading Lipset's paper, we had the strong feeling that, whatever the testimony of travelers and historians, we had *seen* American character change in our lifetime. Such a sentiment is unscientific but stubborn." Whether or not science will eventually present enough evidence to prevail over such stubbornness, it has not done so in this collection; and so stubbornness alone provides an adequate base for defending *The Lonely Crowd* against the attacks made upon it here.

There is considerably more to Riesman's essay, however, than a defense of *The Lonely Crowd*. The whole tone and tempo of *Culture and Social Character's* massive foray is revived by the essay. Full of pell-mell energy, it moves from a brief review of the S-curve population theory (which supposedly underlay Riesman's three types of direction—and now seems "pretty clearly wrong") to a survey of the major concepts of *The Lonely Crowd* to the large hypothesis that, "if man does survive this period," he may see the end of nation-states: "The most important passion left in the world is not for distinctive practices, cultures, and beliefs, but for certain achievements—the technology and organization of the West—whose immediate consequence is the dissolution of all distinctive practices, cultures, and beliefs. . . . It is possible that the cast of national characters is finished; men have too

many to choose from to be committed to one." The range here is wider than in *The Lonely Crowd*—"for one thing," Riesman and Glazer write, "we are more interested in politics and society and less in character"—yet the insight which gave that book its erratic but genuine hold on the texture of American life is in this essay too. Its observations and generalizations are either keen or not, striking or not, but they are all meant to throw into relief the real world, the one we live in; and with their great liveliness and passion—for which no work (or man) in this day can be praised too highly—this is what most of them do.

THE CONTINUITY OF ATLANTIC HISTORY

EUROPE AND AMERICA. By SOLOMON F. BLOOM. *Harcourt, Brace & World*. 761 pp. \$10.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. NISBET

"MODERN HISTORY," Lord Acton wrote, "tells how the last four hundred years have modified the medieval conditions of life and thought." For the historian of Europe there is wisdom in this apothegm. What else is the continuing revolution of modern Europe—from the Reformation to the present day—if not the clash of modern event and principle with idea-systems and institutions that took shape in the long history of the Middle Ages. I use the word "long" advisedly. From the point of view of culture and society it is illusory to suppose that medievalism ended in 1453 or 1688 or even in 1789. If we are concerned not with the endless begats of political and military history, but with Europe's institutions—community, class, kinship, church, and university—and Europe's ideas—citizenship, rights, liberties, representation, equality—we can scarcely discover even watersheds that have meaning for more than single strands of history, and even then we have to know which area we are talking about. Fingers of medievalism reach into the 20th century even as fingers of modernism reach back to the age of Wycliffe.

It is one of the many merits of Solomon Bloom's book that it gives substance to Acton's principle. Not that the book is con-

cerned in any direct or calculated way with medievalism in the modern world. It is instead a comprehensive and remarkably illuminating treatment of general European history from the age of the Enlightenment down to the present. But a good deal of the book's special character comes, I think, from the skillful placing of 18th- and 19th-century events against the background of a social and cultural traditionalism that is essentially medieval in quality. In a variety of ways, Mr. Bloom's book lights up this background—a background that liberal historians in the 19th century were only too prone to overlook in their fascination with progress—and thus makes the figures and events of modernism the more vivid. Under his hand, we see the dynamic interaction of tradition and change in the successive revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries; in the rise and epidemic spread of nationalism, that most compelling of all modern man's allegiances; in the complex and tragic history of socialism—with its eventual exploitation by forces of nationalism, collectivism, and even militarism; and in the often devastating impact of urbanism and machine

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technology upon the physical and cultural landscape. In all of this, covering several hundred pages of thoughtfully organized and lucid writing, we are confronted by an unbroken and almost rhythmic alternation of convention and revolt, tradition and release, conservatism and radicalism.

For, as Mr. Bloom shows us, what Europe represents is this: on the one hand, a corporate tradition—rich in values of community, membership, status, and hierarchy; strongest in the medieval period but far from dead even today. On the other, the liberal and individualistic ideas of contract, freedom, secularism, and rationalism, perceptible even in the Middle Ages, as the Carlyles' great study made clear, but not really powerful and determining until the 18th century. This is why both conservatism and liberalism have been, and remain, relevant as Western philosophies, alternating, as Saint Simon noted, in "organic" and "critical" periods, and why to be truly Western means to be liberal-conservative or conservative-liberal, the heresies being those doctrines which try to split this affinity, leaving either a sand-heap atomism, at the one extreme, or a suffocating communalism at the other.

Given this perspective, often explicit, always implicit, it is only proper that Mr. Bloom's point of departure should be the Enlightenment, with special emphasis on France. Here the essential ideas of modern individualism, humanitarianism, and nationalism, were forged. And it is equally proper that most of the first third of the book should be taken up with the great French Revolution. For it is doubtful whether any event—even the Bolshevik Revolution in 1918—is comparable in the vast influence exerted by ideas and visions, first, on Europe, and then the rest of the world. Not even today has this influence spent itself. In the new African states *liberté, égalité*, and *fraternité* are iconized even as they were in the squares of Paris and Marseilles in 1791.

What gave the French Revolution such profound influence on men's minds, at the time and during subsequent decades, was its exciting vision of moral progress united with political power; of humanitarianism based, not primarily on love, but rationalism; and, above all, of a society in which the absolute freedom of the individual might somehow

coexist with the absolute power of the people taken collectively. Such a vision required of revolutionary legislators, as Rousseau and others had warned, a total remolding of laws and institutions, even of human nature itself. This is the vision to be seen behind the myriad laws on economy, law, education, religion, public administration, and thought itself. Even the calendar was changed, for what could better symbolize the extirpation of the old and the birth of the new than the re-ordering of man's measure of time?

Out of the Revolution and Napoleonic system (modern Caesarism, as Mr. Bloom rightly calls it) came, like Jekyll and Hyde, the two faces of European modernism: libertarian, individualist, on the one hand; power-obsessed and collectivist, on the other. Both faces are to be seen clearly throughout the book, though I judge that it is the first for which Mr. Bloom has reserved the greater skill of analysis. Not that he has neglected the face of power. It is to be seen in his treatment of nationalism and collectivism and of the periodic resurgences of Caesarism all the way down to Stalin and Hitler. And he does not do us the disservice of naively categorizing these (as did a whole school of historians and philosophers in the 30's) as mere eruptions of a dark past. But, having said this, I would nevertheless relish a clearer recognition of the affinity that J. L. Talmon, Albert Salomon, and others have emphasized between the two faces.

ONE OF THE more admirable features of Mr. Bloom's book is the skillful weaving of the threads of American history into the larger fabric of the West. In America, as in Europe, allowing always for necessary changes in light and shadow, there has been basically the same conflict of ideologies and allegiances, even though we have been slower to see them. Why should not this be the case? Do we not have a common patrimony with Europe? After all, there was bound to be some continuity of traditional, even medieval, ideas of property, class, representation, and authority in the minds of the Europeans who settled the New World, as well as of the more obvious and often noted ideas of puritanism, commercialism, and secularism. For a long time, both popularly and in the hands of historians, Americans chose to emphasize and distort the ele-

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ments that were, or seemed to be, unique. Like representatives of the new states in Africa and Asia today, Americans could not resist telling Europeans, often stridently, how different we were and how ill adapted the heritage of Europe was to our shores. Under the influence of the Turner school it was fancied that American ideas of individualism, equality, freedom were the product of the rugged frontier, rather than, as we today know them to be, the lineal heritage of the Enlightenment (how shocked Jefferson would have been by the Turner school!), adjusted of course to time and place as ideas always are in their descent. Even Jacksonianism (strange amalgam that it was) bore less relation as an intellectual force to any frontier than to European writings that crossed the Atlantic as easily as they did the English Channel.

From any point of view, diplomatic or cultural, America is a part of Europe; its dominant values, themes, and styles are Western to the core. Admittedly, an American conservatism is more difficult to descry, but I believe this is true only if we are looking for something rigorously and popularly

ideological. So far as social history is concerned, as Mr. Bloom's excellent sections on the rise of American industrialism and mass democracy make plain, there was, throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, a significant tradition of patriarchalism, landed aristocracy, and upper-class consciousness, a tradition that could fight the inroads of commerce and industry as bitterly as those of nationalist democracy. What such men as John Randolph, James Fenimore Cooper, and John C. Calhoun stood for, culturally and politically, was not different at bottom from what the European conservatives thought and wrote. And it is equally apparent that long before the New Deal came into being, conflict between nationalism and localism, centralization and pluralism, agrarianism and commerce, was as luminous a feature of American history as it was of European.

It is in the 20th century that the forces of change first liberated on a mass scale by the Enlightenment and the French Revolution have reached summation, and Mr. Bloom can be forgiven if we find ourselves unable to draw either perspective or comfort from

his final chapters. There is indeed a more elevated social conscience in the West, a broader culture, and the values of liberty and equality have never been fought for on so wide a front. But there is also power, power that is unprecedented in scope and intensity and, with it, a cultural alienation that can make the good seem unattainable and evil inevitable. In doctrinal terms, as Mr. Bloom's final, eloquent pages remind us, the mixture today is not very different from what it was in Europe immediately after the Revolution. Then, as now, ideas of traditionalism and change were at war; skepticism seeped into the cellars of orthodoxy, and the aspirations of new men and new classes ran about like masterless dogs. The mixture is the same. But the potency has been vastly affected by such agents as mass world war, tyranny on a scale and in an in-

tensity hardly dreamed of, and a vicious circle of population and food supply, often created by Western values, that has actually lowered standards of living for vast areas of the earth. Hardly to be wondered at is the staggering of Western man's faith and the clouding of his image of himself that Mr. Bloom writes of. But neither can we doubt that "after much travail and many experiments with violent alternatives, reason and morality, practiced under conditions of freedom, remain, more than ever, man's best hope."

[Shortly after Mr. Nisbet's review was written, Solomon F. Bloom was killed in an accident in New York City. Mr. Bloom had been one of COMMENTARY's oldest and most valued contributors, and his loss will be deeply felt. —Ed.]

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ, a veteran contributor, is a researcher in the Library of Jewish Information of the American Jewish Committee.

JOHN GROSS, a young English critic, reviewed Kenneth Tynan's *Curtains* in our September 1961 issue.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER's latest book is a collection of short stories, *The Spinoza of Market Street*.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY is an associate editor of COMMENTARY; his review of the film *Judgment at Nuremberg* appeared in January.

ROBERT A. NISBET had an exchange last month with William Appleman Williams over Mr. Nisbet's article "Foreign Policy & the American Mind," September 1961.

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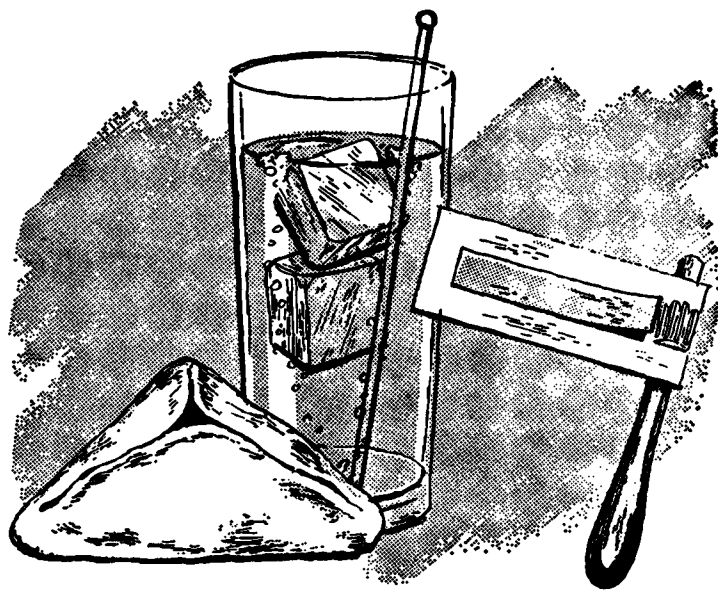
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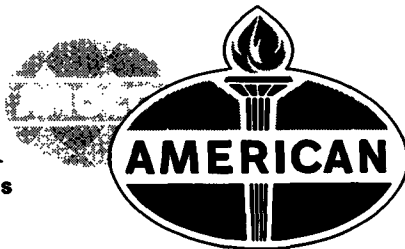
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